THE VIRGINIA QVARTERLY REVIEW

DEC 18 1929

JANUARY 1930

Was the War Useless? . . . . . William Martin
The Small-Talk of a Great Affair . . . . Emily Stone Whiteley
North Carolina at the Cross-Roads . . . . Nell Battle Lewis
King Cotton is Sick . . . . . Claudius Murchison
Madame de Maintenon . . . . . Gamaliel Bradford
Poetry . . . . . Robert Liddell Lowe, Richard Church, Geoffrey Johnson, Francis Claiborne Mason, Mary Sinton Leitch
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¶ Then, very shortly, begins a stirring biography of that romantic Southern warrior, J. E. B. Stuart, written by a modern soldier, Captain John W. Thomason, who has spent long hours in research and knows whereof he writes. Departing in no particular from historical facts, he has produced a thrilling tale of adventure, romance and war.

¶ Soon, too, will appear a group of articles on the significance of business mergers by such leaders as Julius Klein and Paul Shoup, articles on the machine age by the distinguished scientists, Robert A. Millikan and Michael Pupin, and an exceedingly interesting article on Christian Science.

¶ Each month, of course, will carry the usual quota of sparkling features by such writers as Stark Young, Sherwood Anderson, Julian Street, Don Marquis and others equally famous. Each month William Lyon Phelps will talk of books and other things, Robert E. Sherwood will discuss literature and Alexander Dana Noyes surveys "The Financial Situation."

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IT IS difficult for the most careful world-observer to detach himself from a national point of view in estimating the causes and the results of the World War. With this consideration in mind the editors of The Virginia Quarterly Review asked WILLIAM MARTIN, editor of the *Journal de Genève,* who had been lecturing on this subject in Europe, to prepare a paper answering the questions which more or less everybody bears in mind. "Was the War Useless?" is a paper that will call forth wide discussion in America and abroad. MR. MARTIN, in close touch at Geneva with the League of Nations, views the historical aspects of the War dispassionately. He has written on many aspects of its activities and frequently contributes to American journals.

EMILY STONE WHITELEY lives in Baltimore. She has written before for this magazine and many other American publications, usually on human episodes of history to which she gives a vivacity that few readers associate with the past. George Canning, Christopher Hughes, and now Charles Bagot, are the three figures that she has painted to the life in the pages of the Virginia Quarterly.

In the October number of the Virginia Quarterly, Broadus Mitchell in his article "Why Cheap Labor Down South?" considered from its broad economic aspects the industrial situation in the Southern states. The recent distressing and spectacular developments in the textile communities of North Carolina, especially Gastonia and Marion, suggested the importance of having the story from its beginnings recapitulated and its broader and deeper significances indicated, as could not be done in articles written currently with the events. NELL BATTLE LEWIS of Raleigh, North Carolina, whose articles in The Nation and elsewhere showed a sympathy for the mill workers, was asked to tell the story

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

A NATIONAL JOURNAL OF DISCUSSION

Edited by JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

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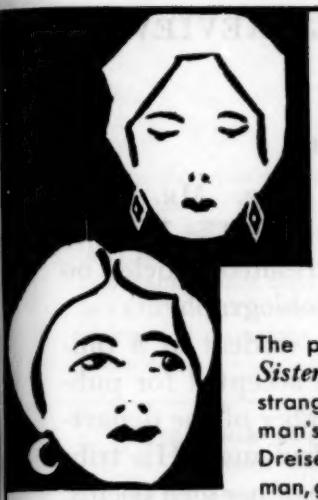
as it happened, and Professor Claudius Murchison was invited to analyze as a trained economist the difficulties of the problem as it presented itself to the mill owners. Miss Lewis is author of the report on capital punishment prepared while a member of the Commission on Public Welfare of North Carolina. She is connected with the Raleigh News and Observer, and had reported the Gastonia cases. Her article could not be brought further in date than the middle of November and therefore could not include the disposition of the case of the alleged killers of Mrs. Wiggins and that of the deputies and mill operatives charged with the Marion killings. Miss Lewis in her effort to be as "fair as possible to the State" regretted that the story of these cases could not be added.

"I have tried," Mr. Murchison wrote, "to tell that part of the story which so far has remained rather well hidden from the general public. Incidentally, it is somewhat complicated, and much had to be omitted that is important." Professor Claudius Murchison, of the department of economics and commerce at the University of North Carolina, is peculiarly prepared for the writing of "King Cotton is Sick." He became especially interested in the Southern textile industry because it was "so unique and quaint as compared with other industries" and his ideas were formed while attitudes were still dispassionate. During the past summer he made a field survey both in New England and in the South for the Social Science Research Council and the Institute for Research in the Social Sciences of his own university. He is now engaged in writing a monograph which will soon be published.

The study of Madame de Maintenon is one of a series of studies of women that Gamaliel Bradford has been making. "Eve as Dove and Serpent" is Mr. Bradford's



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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* IV)

own description of his subject for this essay. Mr. Bradford was a contributor to the first number of The Virginia Quarterly Review and he recently contributed articles on Henry Clay and on the writing of autobiography.

Robert Liddell Lowe was a young student at a university in Texas when his first poem was accepted for publication in this Review. He is now a member of the department of English at Purdue University, Indiana. His tribute to Elinor Wylie repeats the title of one of her own poems. Richard Church is an English poet whose exquisite verse is beginning to be better known in America. He is the author of many volumes of poetry and prose, all written in a spirit sympathetic with that of earlier English Romanticism. The Virginia Quarterly is proud to have been one of the first publications to present the work of the young English poet, Geoffrey Johnson, to an American public, as both he and Mr. Church have published in its pages before. Mr. Johnson's first volume, "The Quest Unending," has been announced by Selwyn and Blount for English publication this winter. Geoffrey Johnson lives in Ely, and Richard Church in London. Francis Claiborne Mason, whose first volume, "This Unchanging Mask," was published recently, is a Virginian now connected with Gettysburg College. Mary Sinton Leitch lives at Lynnhaven, Virginia. She has been an associate editor of "The Lyric" and active in the poetry societies of America and of Virginia. Her published volumes include "The Wagon and the Star" and "The Unrisen Morrow."

Her book on "Catherine the Great" made the name of Katharine Anthony familiar to most American readers. She has recently published her "Queen Elizabeth." Miss Anthony is a native of Arkansas and though she now lives in New York, she knows at first hand the Southern scene that is reflected in "New Orleans Portraits."

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The Green-Room

(*Continued from page* VI)

Two books have recently been added to the list of Robert P. Tristram Coffin's publications: "Golden Falcon," a book of poems, and "An Attic Room," essays that include papers first published in the Virginia Quarterly. Mr. Coffin was born in Brunswick, Maine, and lives at Aurora, New York, where he is a member of the faculty of Wells College.

Judge Pierre Crabites, for years a distinguished member of the Mixed Tribunals in Cairo, Egypt, has become widely known also as a writer on international topics. He is a native of Louisiana but has been stationed in the Near East since 1911. "For seven years," Judge Crabites wrote, "I worked at Arabic eighteen hours a week, eight months in the year, with a Sheik (pronounced Shake not Sheek). I think that I understand the basic principles underlying Islam."

Thomas Mann was this autumn awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. John Galsworthy was, before the award, one of those most often mentioned as a possible recipient. "An Impression of John Galsworthy" was prepared by Thomas Mann on the occasion of the honoring of Galsworthy's birthday in Germany. Mann is the German author with whom Galsworthy is most often compared. Among his books that have been published in the United States are "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain," "Death in Venice," and "Three Essays," a new book printed this season.

Among the books by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton of the University of North Carolina are "Reconstruction in North Carolina," and "The Papers of Thomas Ruffin." Dexter Perkins of the University of Rochester is author of "The Monroe Doctrine, 1823-26." Herbert Heaton is professor of history in the University of Minnesota. Gerald W. Johnson of the Baltimore Evening Sun is author of

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"Andrew Jackson—An Epic in Homespun." CARROLL MASON SPARROW is professor of physics at the University of Virginia and a writer on spectroscopy. He is Associate Editor of the Virginia Quarterly. WALTER L. MYERS of the University of Pittsburgh is author of "The Later Realism," a study of the recent English novel. LOUISE POUND of the University of Nebraska is editor of American Speech and a writer in the field of the English ballad. JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON is the editor of The Virginia Quarterly Review.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

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PETER QUINCE OPENS HIS MAILBAG

"If we offend, it is with our good will"—Peter Quince

I DON'T intend to apologize; in fact, I shall probably end by boasting. I'm just going to start off by quoting The Publishers' Weekly to the effect that their list of books to be published this fall and winter is far and away the longest they have printed in their fifty years of existence, and add that I have been jumping from one stack of books to another, and from catalogues with vermilion covers to catalogues with purple covers, so fast that I am dizzy and color blind, and rather shaky in the knees. And Peter Quince is supposed to live on books! . . . There—now that I've made my confession of weakness, I feel myself again, and can go on with my Quincianic mission. Particularly since *Philip Alexander Bruce's* "The Virginia Plutarch" (North Carolina Press. $9.00) reached me a few days ago, and proved that publishers' blurbs sometimes do turn out to be true. In addition to its being the work of a distinguished Virginia historian on the lives of thirty-three Virginians who figured most prominently in the history of the state and the nation, it is probably the most beautiful book in its typography and format that has ever been written, published, and printed in the South. . . . This seems, though, to be a generally good year for biography; fiction, with notable exceptions, is running a poor second. The first flush of the period of biographical debunking is over, and the newer biographers manage to be as entertaining as ever, and at the same time less set upon providing their readers with exposés. Both *Gilbert Chinard's* "Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism" (Little, Brown. $5.00) and *Bernard Faÿ's* "Benjamin Franklin: The Apostle of Modern Times" (Little, Brown. $5.00) are valuable interpretations of familiar figures, approved by scholars, and at the same time surprisingly interesting to read. *Brand Whitlock's* "La Fayette" (Appleton. 2 Vol.

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$10.00) is another significant biography of a figure of the same period—with the Frenchman posing and the American doing the biography! Three other biographies covering a later period in American history are *Robert Penn Warren's* "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr" (Payson & Clarke. $5.00), *Marquis James's* "The Raven" (Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00) and *Allen Tate's* "Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall" (Minton, Balch. $3.50). *Warren's* book is interesting as a counter to *Oswald Garrison Villard's* earlier rather laudatory biography of Brown, which has now been re-issued. "The Raven" is not about Poe, but about one of the most fascinating of his contemporaries, General Sam Houston: it's curious that a figure as romantic as Houston has escaped the biographers so long. *James's* book is authoritative and at the same time intensely exciting—a unique combination. Two capable literary biographies of the same period are "Hawthorne," by *Newton Arvin* (Little, Brown. $3.50), and "Emerson: The Wisest American," by *Phillips Russell* (Brentano's. $5.00). To match these in the more nearly contemporary field are two notable volumes of "Lives and Letters": *Elizabeth Roberts Pennell's* "Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell" (Little, Brown. 2 Vol. $10.00), and "Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman," by *Jacob Zeitlin* and *Homer Woodbridge* (Farrar & Rinehart. 2 Vol. $10.00). Each of these men occupied a unique position in his field, each was a distinctive personality aside from his profession, and both have found sympathetic biographers, the former in the person of his wife, the latter in the persons of two of his friends.

François Rabelais can claim two biographies this winter: *Samuel Putnam's* "François Rabelais: Man of the Renaissance". (Cape and Smith. $3.50), and "Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Time," by *Albert Jay Nock* and *C. R. Wilson* (Harper. $5.00). *Putnam's* book is a vigorous and brilliant protest against applying the word Rabelaisian to

(Continued to advertising section at the back.)

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MAKE · WE · MERRY · BOTH · MORE · AND · LESS FOR · NOW · IS · THE · TIME · OF · CHRISTEMAS

FOLLOWING the crescent oddity of the only street that crosses Broadway twice, we set out a few days ago on an annual quest—*Turón de Alicante,* our favorite of some six species of *Turón,* the immemorial Christmas sweetmeats of Spain. And as our eyes went from painted tambourine to tasseled castanets our thoughts went to the gaiety of Spain and to Senor de Madariaga's *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*[1] which we bought during a former visit to what Christopher Morley has called "the most genuine gathering of literature ever collected by any one publishing house in the history of our tongue"—the library of the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Never before had we seen such cleverness and psychological sword-play in the pages of a book, so with the honesty of Oliver Twist we deflected our Christmas shopping jaunt to Oxford headquarters in quest of *more* books of that ilk.

We were not disappointed, for in the charming quiet of this new library we discovered, like Morley, "one of the best places for our bookish clients to do their Christmas shopping." In the deluge of "best sellers" and published flummery what a joy it is to come on such beautiful volumes as those in the *Tudor and Stuart Library.*[2] This group of titles exists for those for whom old originals are too dear to possess. They are reproductions of these editions printed with type cast from the matrices procured by John Fell in 1660, on paper made from the old recipe. For the same taste are published the *Type-Facsimile Reprints.*[3] Word for word, page for page, they reproduce their 18th and 17th century models and satisfy the eye as does a Rembrandt or a Haydon etching. "These are the works of useful piety which we cannot too much commend." And we urge that you look at them, you who love the beauty of old books.

Queen Marie of Roumania continues her grandmother's collection of perfume bottles but how much more stimulating to us is the piquant fragrance of old books! And how sadly we wish we similarly continued our grandfather's collection of Horace Walpole's *Miscellaneous Antiquities* with our purchase of *Lady Louisa!*[4] But her racy reminiscences of George Selwyn's indulgences delight our humors, where volumes of great price might lure us to collect giants with our pigmy purse.

Robert Bridges' *A Testament of Beauty*[5] has been acclaimed in England as one of the greatest philosophical poems of all times. The limited edition printed by William Rudge is worthy of the beauty of this great poem.

To those who are like ourself and unlike Lytton Strachey (who says "there is poetry to be found lurking in the metaphysical system of Epicurus and in the body of a flea") we recommend Garrod's delightful new book, *The Profession of Poetry,*[6] as a stimulating and amusing guide to old and new poets. And there are new bindings for those unequalled anthologies, *The Oxford Books of Verse!*[7]

Both our agnostic and believing friends have shared in our enjoyment of the *credos* of philosophers and poets in *The Tree of Life.*[8]

Mr. Harry Hansen recently praised a book for exhibiting "that fine use of a broad culture which is possible only in the books of a philosopher." Those of us who read possibly too many new books on commuters' trains and even in the barber's chair can sympathize with Mr. Hansen's enthusiasm and with his complaint that there are not many such. However, "that fine use of a broad culture" is the very marrow of such books as Zimmern's *America and Europe,*[9] Aldrich's *Musical Discourse,*[10] and S. E. Morison's *History of the United States.*[11]

The Lamp and the Lute,[12] by Bonamy Dobrée, follows the same high tradition of fine workmanship and interest. And Benedetto Croce's *History of Italy*[13] crowns this tradition with a rare perspective and sagelike magnanimity.

The *Oxford Book of Carols*[14] is the most interesting, the most inclusive, the most useful collection of carols that has yet appeared. Surely it is the most fitting Christmas present imaginable and our own experience recommends it as an inexhaustible treasury of gay songs. A. A. Milne, Walter de la Mare, G. K. Chesterton, and many other contemporaries are included with the older, more familiar songs. The miniature edition[15] of this delightful book we hear will be present at many Christmas dinners. It makes a charming favor and a novel substitute for garish Christmas cards.

The many secular and religious woodcuts so excellently reproduced in Dodgson's *Woodcuts of the 15th Century,*[16] and the rare illustrations and color of *Peaks and Frescoes,*[17] and *The Spanish Ladie,*[18] place them conspicuously in any bookman's Christmas list.

—*The Oxonian.*

[1]$3.75. [2]$1.50-$6.00. [3]11 titles, from $1.50-$2.50. [4]$12.00. [5]Limited to 250 copies, $25.00: reg. edn. $3.00. [6]$4.50. [7]Each $3.75 and up. [8]$3.00. [9]$3.00. [10]$3.00. [11]$10.00. [12]$2.50. [13]$5.00. [14]Music edn. $2.50. [15]Red leather, boxed, $1.25. [16]$25.00. [17]Travel in the Dolomites, $5.50. [18]$7.50.

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WAS THE WAR USELESS?

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

WAR, one sometimes hears it said, has always meant an element of progress to mankind. Without it, the United States would still be English, Italy still be Austrian, Poland Russian, and so forth and so on. If you abolish war, you abolish the progress of mankind, you prepetuate a *status quo* which is not ideal, you force your children to live according to the ideas of our generation. This reasoning is a piece of sophistry. But before proving it so, one must ask oneself whether the last war was useful and what it brought the world. Next one can answer this second question: Is war inevitable to all eternity and cannot the progress of nations be conceived without it?

I

Let us compare first the situation of Europe in 1914 and its situation today: the difference between the two will make apparent the results of the war.

The situation of pre-war Europe was essentially determined by the industrial revolution which began towards the opening of the nineteenth century and the consequences of which are still unfolding themselves before our eyes. By industrial revolution is meant the introduction of machinery into industry. The machine has increased in a formidable proportion the capacity of industrial production; factories have become capable of throwing on the market millions of products where before they made dozens, and buyers have had to be found for these products. Through the action of the law of supply and demand their price has been lowered. They have become accessible to social strata which till then never dreamed of using them. Since needs, in the economic sense of the word, are born of the possibility of satisfying them, it is possible to say that machinery has created in the masses great needs. This is one of the most striking characteristics of the past hundred years. They have witnessed an extraordinary rise in the standard of living of all classes of the population, and it cannot be denied that from many points of view the poor live better today than the rich of past times.

It is not material needs exclusively that industry has created among the workers. History teaches that moral progress goes abreast with material progress. The more you raise men's standard of living, the more you make them desirous of acquiring knowledge or of raising themselves to a higher moral level. These intellectual needs have been favored by urban concentration, itself another product of large-scale industry. It has been impossible to keep factory workers in ignorance, as was done of old in the case of their fathers, who were peasants. Compulsory public education is a direct consequence of machine industry.

Public education itself was not slow in reacting on the political life of the peoples. A backward and ignorant people can be governed autocratically. But as soon as the masses of the people are educated and have found the

means of group action, it becomes necessary to let them participate in some measure in the conduct of affairs of state. Democracy, child of public education, is for that very reason, and doubly, offspring of the industrial revolution.

But if the people decline to be governed by men whom they have not themselves designated and on whom they have no influence, they will all the more decline to be governed from outside, by men who are not even of their nation. It is in this way that nationalism is the logical outcome and the inevitable consequence of democracy, of public education, and of the industrial revolution. They all go together.

The glory of these nineteenth-century conquests has often been given to the French Revolution. To a certain extent this is right. The French Revolution gave a brilliant expression and a formidable expansive power to democratic ideology. But the French Revolution itself would doubtless never have taken place if the economic and social state of France had not undergone profound transformations, some of which presaged the industrial revolution and some others of which were already flowing from it. Thus, between the two theories, one of which traces democracy and nationalism back to the French Revolution and the other of which sees in them the consequences of the industrial revolution, there is not the slightest contradiction. They are two aspects of the same reality.

In the same way, the formation of the great national states which gave the end of the nineteenth century its political stamp can be considered as much an outcome of the movement of ideas born of the French Revolution, as a consequence of the establishment of large-scale industry.

Indeed, at the moment that Emperor Napoleon III was favoring by his revolutionary ideology the formation of these great national states, these states were forming on their own account for reasons which were above all eco-

nomic. It would not even be difficult to demonstrate by comparisons of dates that the Zollverein movement began before France under the Second Empire started her policy of supporting little nationalities.

It is the increased productive capacity of industry which forced it to hunt out new sources of raw material and new outlets for its manufactured products. It found the first primarily in a policy of colonial expansion and the second in an increasing concentration of national forces. Nationalism was from its origins inseparable from protection.

From this situation was born the idea of the absolute sovereignty of the state, a new idea which cannot be traced back beyond the nineteenth century and which, in its strict form, has not outlived it. A necessary idea if one is to secure the admission that a state may have the right to damage by its tariff measures the most legitimate interests of other states.

The absolute sovereignty of the state is an autocratic and divine right notion. It would have been logical in the period of Louis XIV; it was already antiquated the moment international law began to recognize it, and this both for political and economic reasons.

But there is an irresistible logic in the domain of ideas. Absolute state sovereignty—that is, the right of a nation to do as it pleases—added to the necessities of tariff protection in the interests of a growing industry, was bound to provoke conflicts between nations. From this obvious condition was born the uneasiness which was at the base of the policy of all the great countries on the eve of the world war.

In the absence of any international agency and of any juridical limitation on state sovereignty, the security of nations could rest only on force, that is on armaments. But armaments, whatever their importance may be, can guarantee security only to the strongest states. Nothing is so relative as force; an army is efficacious only if it is stronger

than its eventual adversary. Once embarked in this direction, states were obliged to go to the limit of their possibilities. Since no one of them thought of itself as armed unless it was more armed than its neighbor, the result was that race in armaments which was the most apparent characteristic of the years before the war. As soon as all the men were enrolled, it was necessary to increase the equipment. Then men were needed to serve this equipment, and the term of military service had to be lengthened. And so it went; it was a vicious circle.

When the nations had reached the limit of their possibilities, either human or financial, they were forced to recognize that their security was not absolute. They saw the inadequacy of their armaments, and sought to complete them by alliances. The two great systems of alliances which dominated the last quarter-century of peace and which later with mathematical rigor expanded the European war, were the logical outcome and the inevitable consequence of the race in armaments. They were, in truth, only one of its forms, a variant.

In a system of this sort, based entirely on force, there is no place for little nations. They are the natural prey for the covetousness of the big ones, because they are unable to defend themselves by their own strength. For them the only hope of protecting themselves seemed to be by acting as a reserve force to the great powers. The little nations had to ally themselves with big ones and join groups. The balance between these groups was at the same time the only guarantee of peace and a perpetual menace to peace.

But for an alliance with small states to interest the great powers, it had to be capable of furnishing them an appreciable increase of military force. It is thus that the small countries found themselves dragged into the race in armaments, less on their own account than for the sake of their great allies.

It was of these diverse elements that the European bal-

ance of power was composed. If we leave out several countries without political ambition which succeeded with some difficulty in maintaining their neutrality, Europe was divided between two great systems of alliance, the forces of which were appreciably equal. This very equality, which made of war an extremely risky venture for any nation, contributed to the maintenance of peace. But a day came when certain states believed they were able, under the shelter of these so-called peaceful alliances, to risk the war. On that day the European balance of power ceased to play its rôle and had no other result than to make war inevitable and universal.

It is possible to go deeper still. In reality, every war is a revolution; every revolution results from a divorce between the conditions and the institutions.

Political institutions, international as well as national, are the emanation of a certain social situation, taking the word social in its widest sense; at the time of their origin, institutions always correspond to the needs of a community. But nothing is more shifting than a social situation. Society, a living organism, is in constant evolution. Institutions, on the contrary, have the immobility of written things or, at the very least, of habits of mind. A day necessarily comes when society, which has evolved, ceases to be in intimate touch with its institutions. On that day, if there exist a peaceful method of revision, the institutions will be modified. If no such method exist, there is revolution; adjustment comes by violence.

It would be easy to show that all the revolutions of history can be explained by causes of this sort.

So far as the war of 1914 goes, the demonstration is easy.

We have seen what economic needs gave birth to the international social conditions of the nineteenth century, how large-scale industry had produced simultaneously both nationalism and protection; that is, the idea of absolute state sovereignty.

Now, since this time, evolution had pursued its course. Industry, at first satisfied with a national market, then with a colonial one, had become an exporter by necessity, by the very law of its existence and development; this was the point reached by German industry at the beginning of this century, and the same thing was equally true, more or less, of the other countries.

On the other hand, industry, which for a time had been able to make out with those raw materials furnished by the country itself, had had to hunt new sources of supply outside; the development of technique, by complicating the processes of manufacture, was to make all factories dependent on all countries at the same time. Finally, the prodigious development of the means of communication had brought all countries closer together and placed them in direct contact, in all respects.

The result of this evolution was that the nationalism of the nineteenth century had ceased as a political formula to be adapted to the needs of society, and this without anybody suspecting it. Since reality no longer accorded with existing institutions, a readjustment was necessary; and since no means existed for proceeding to this adjustment through legal channels, it had to take place violently, through a revolution. This international revolution, whence a new order was to spring, was the war of 1914. To this extent, it was inevitable and necessary.

II

We shall not undertake here a fresh study of the causes of the war. Everything has been said on the individual responsibility of the statesmen, if indeed one can speak of individual responsibility in connection with happenings which so formidably outdistanced human will and even human comprehension.

But if the responsibility of individual men has been thoroughly examined, the responsibility of the system has

not. What we should like to show briefly here is that the war sprang by an almost ineluctable necessity from a situation.

Its basic causes were at the same time economic and political. Germany, from 1900 on, was an over-industrialized country, and not, as has so often been stated, an over-populated one. There are no over-populated countries, and Germany had in the course of these years an extremely small emigration quota, a fact which well proves that it was not suffering from over-population. But, since it was thickly populated, it had to keep all its inhabitants occupied; it had to import in order to feed them and to export enough to pay for the imports. It could not do this except by exporting manufactured goods. Its factories had developed an accelerated rhythm; the home market no longer sufficed them and the conquest of new foreign outlets had become a vital necessity for them.

Where were these outlets? All the colonies had been occupied by other powers before Germany had grasped the importance of colonial conquests. What remained for it were a few less desirable territories, which could not offer it a sufficient outlet either for its products or for its emigrants.

It is from this fact that the Germans got that sense of suffocation which they felt so strongly at the time. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that Germany was without markets and without possibilities of commercial expansion. It had, indeed, at its very door, an immense territory, which possessed unlimited capacities for absorbing German manufactured goods. This was Russia.

Germany had profited by Russia's difficulties in the Far East, at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, to obtain a very favorable commercial treaty. Unfortunately this over-favorable situation could not last. The Russo-German commercial treaty was due to expire in 1917 and the Berlin government dreaded this expiration, which in advance it considered as critical.

Russia, on its side, prepared itself for this in a most obvious way and by a double series of precautions. In 1913 it began to take measures to prohibit German cereals and to make difficulties for the temporary emigration of German agricultural workers, who were indispensable at certain seasons to the agriculture of Northern Germany. By acting thus, the Russian government doubly indisposed the great proprietors of Germany east of the Elbe, at that time politically all-powerful. It showed at the very least that, in its mind, the renewal of the commercial treaty would not be a simple formality.

From the military point of view, the Russian government about the same period contracted an important loan at Paris, to which was joined a programme of railway construction, for the most part of a strategic importance; by a coincidence which appeared calculated, it was precisely in 1917 that this programme was to be finished, the year the treaty would come up for renewal and difficulties could be expected between Russia and Germany.

In the political domain, Germany felt that it had arrived at the limit of its possible military effort. The military "Novelle" of January, 1914, represented an almost insupportable burden for the nation, and it would be impossible for a long time to ask the people to make a greater effort. An army costs dearly; its maintenance takes the form of taxes which influence the net price of industrial products, and consequently it handicaps the country in its foreign competition. It was clear that from many points of view, Germany had reached the limit of its military strength and perhaps would not even be able long to carry its existing burden.

It was the same thing, to tell the truth, for the other countries. France, less populated than Germany, was making proportionately an even greater effort. Only one country furnished an exception, and that was the one which principally interested Germany: Russia.

The Russian people were far from having exhausted their military potentialities; nearly three times more numerous than the Germans, they had no proportionately corresponding army. Nothing but financial reasons could have held it in check; now France, which at this time was an inexhaustible reservoir of capital, was there to finance any new effort.

Thus the German government found itself faced with a situation which appeared to it as follows: Germany is stronger today than it can ever be in the future; on the contrary, France and Russia, united, witness each day an increase of strength. If the present programme is put through as it has been planned, their coalition will have reached its height in 1917, at the moment that grave difficulties will probably arise between Germany and Russia. The latter will then be in a position to close its market to German products without Germany's being able to prevent it, and this will be the end of German prosperity.

Out of such reasoning there sprang the war. It was less a war of conquest, as has been believed, than a preventive war, intended to upset the European balance and tilt it in favor of the central powers, while the latter were still the stronger.

As Serbia was an essential piece on the Russian military chessboard, and as it was counted on to attack Austria-Hungary in the rear, the destruction of Serbia would weaken Russia's military power to such an extent that nothing further need be feared from its direction.

Such was the complex mechanism which let loose the world war. Its purpose was on the one hand to put an end to the European balance of power and the race in armaments by assuring hegemony, at the most favorable moment, to one of the two groups of powers over the other; on the other hand, to guarantee to German industry the needed markets by forcibly ending the protectionist policy of the other nations.

In other words, the purpose of the war was to realize the economic and political unity of Europe under German hegemony. This purpose was attained but without hegemony.

III

We have now to envisage the second term of the comparison, that is to say the situation of Europe today. It is certainly not ideal, and those who believed that the war would bring a perfect and definitive solution to every problem that had been posed, have numerous reasons to feel disappointed. But if it is legitimate to conclude that the condition created by the war does not correspond to an absolute ideal, it is excessive to deduce from this that there is nothing changed. The differences between the existing situation and that before the war are numerous and profound and they all flow from the existence of the League of Nations.

In the political sphere, what strikes one chiefly is the complete overthrow of the notion of state security. Formerly, states could base their security only on their armaments and their alliances. By the terms of the League of Nations Pact, the basis of state security is quite different. It rests on the universal coalition of all members of the League of Nations with the one which may become the victim of aggression.

If every country in the world were a member of the League of Nations and if the peoples could have the certitude that the rules of the Pact would be applied integrally in case of conflict, this security would be absolute, infinitely completer than that procured before the war by alliances and armaments. Indeed, there is not a nation in the world, save perhaps the United States of America, and perhaps not that, which is sufficiently independent economically and financially to risk a war against the rest of the world.

If this security is not absolute in the present state of

things, this derives uniquely from the fact that since the United States has not assumed the obligations of the Pact, it is not inconceivable, although very improbable, that a state which had been declared the aggressor by the League of Nations Council might be considered by the United States a legitimate belligerent and might receive from them some financial support or some provisioning. This is the only conceivable case in which a war would be still possible in Europe.

But since the signing of the Kellogg Pact, this outcome has become almost negligible. Indeed, a state which violated the League of Nations Pact would be violating at the same time and by the same act the Kellogg Pact, and it is inconceivable that the American people could consent to aid it in any manner. This is at bottom the idea expressed by Senator Capper's proposed resolution.

The system of alliances has fallen into complete discredit. Its value rested uniquely on the assumption that a people bound by an alliance would not dare withdraw, even if its interest for the moment seemed to urge it to do so. This principle broke down. In the course of the war, several peoples were seen to withdraw from alliances which they had contracted and to fight against their allies of the day before. Nevertheless, these treaties were juridically perfect.

It would be quite otherwise in a future war. One of two things, indeed, would be true. Either the alliances in question would conform with the League of Nations Pact or they would not.

In the first case, there is no real question of alliances; but security agreements, directed exclusively against a future aggressor, reënforcing the general rules of international law and applicable within the framework of the rules of the Pact.

If, on the other hand, there is question of a real alliance in the old sense of the word, offensive and defensive, to be

applied independently of the causes of the war, such a treaty, contrary to the Pact, could not be registered at the Secretariat of the League of Nations. It could not therefore bind its signatories juridically; it would be without legal value. The states that had signed it would not be obliged to apply it; much more, they could not, without themselves committing a violation against the League of Nations Pact. Such a treaty would have no value whatever.

At bottom, treaties have no other basis except good faith; by releasing the contracting parties in advance from the moral obligation to execute them and by removing from the treaties this basis of good faith, we rob them of all value, not only juridical but political.

It is in this sense that the new international law has definitively put an end to the old system of alliances and group alliances, directed against certain states, and to the European balance of power.

It has put an end in the same fashion and for analogous reasons to the race in armaments. It is true that circumstances have not as yet permitted the execution of Article VIII of the Pact, which looks to the reduction of armaments by agreement. This cannot come except as the conclusion of a long evolution. But from now on the race in armaments such as we knew before the war, between the states of Western Europe, has ended; on the whole the armaments of the European states have been rather reduced, certainly in an insufficient measure, but in a measure that indicates a slight movement for the better.

What is more important is that armaments have ceased to belong to the undisputed domain of unlimited national sovereignty. Whatever the content of the first disarmament conventions, they will in any case have the effect of placing military preparedness in the field of contractual engagements between states and reciprocal control. That would be enough, even in the absence of any serious limi-

tations, to make impossible a return to competition in armaments.

There is one thing even more important, the change which has taken place in men's opinions. The great progressive steps of humanity have always been accompanied by a change of communal belief. We are witnessing today a change of this sort in the domain of war.

Formerly, war was spoken of as an inevitable misfortune, as an evil turn of fate, to which one must bow. Only the pacifists spoke of it with indignation, but they were a mere handful. Today the opinion of this handful has become the opinion of the masses. War is spoken of only with horror and pity. It would be easy to throw this change into relief by comparing the speeches of statesmen before the war and now.

Formerly, a people could be told that war was a horrible thing but that they must go to war. Today, no government would dare use such language to its people. It would have at all costs to present things differently. Aggression was formerly condemned only by morality, and international law admitted it as juridically legitimate. Now, aggression is condemned so solemnly by several collective treaties that the moral position of the country which gave way to it would be worse than that of Germany attacking Belgium in spite of the treaty of 1839.

Not to see the importance of these imponderables, one would have to have understood nothing of events which have taken place before our eyes, between 1914 and 1918. In appearance Germany may have been conquered by the superior forces of its adversaries. But why were its adversaries so numerous? Essentially for a moral reason.

At the moment that war broke out, an immense difference could be noted, a profound divorce between the moral evolution of the German people and that of other countries. In Germany, war was still considered a necessary evil; outside, it was already considered a crime. The Ger-

mans never understood the condemnation which weighed down on them, even in neutral countries. This is because they believed they were making a legitimate use of their right while others accused them of committing a crime against humanity. Such is the tragic misunderstanding under the weight of which Germany succumbed. Its moral evolution was less advanced than that of other people.

Today, the moral evolution of all countries is complete. There is not one in which war is not considered a crime, and further, what was not formerly the case, a crime provided for by penal laws.

The changes are no less profound in the domain of economics. Pre-war Europe was characterized in this respect by anarchy. Each country acted freely, in its own exclusive interest, without regard to other countries or to the general interest.

Without our being able to affirm that the legal situation is very different today, there are nevertheless a certain number of facts that cannot be ignored.

The men who at Paris created the League of Nations had no intention of making it anything more than a purely political organ. But facts were stronger than their will. In ten years of existence the League of Nations has become a powerful economic clearing house and its accomplishments in this domain are perhaps more considerable than in the political domain.

We cannot enumerate these accomplishments here. It will suffice to say that the League of Nations has succeeded in substituting coöperation for competition. This has shown itself particularly in the ways the financial rehabilitation of countries tried by the war has been aided. Hitherto work of this sort has always been undertaken by isolated states and it has had in return political and economic privileges for the benefit of the intervening state. It would be easy to establish this by the example, before

the war, either of Russia or of Greece. There is nothing similar in the case of Austria, of Hungary, or of other states. The League of Nations is a collective institution, obliged to guarantee complete equality to all its members; its acts of intervention can not result in privilege to anyone. They have no other purpose than the common good and are by their very nature without obligation.

In the strictly commercial sphere, the League of Nations has substituted for the system of isolated negotiations one of multilateral committees, and for the spirit of competition a spirit of collaboration. We have seen the very men who tried from habit to obtain as many advantages as possible in the negotiation of commercial treaties, after they had compared their common experience, end by concluding that exaggerated protection was an error for all states and that the policy must be reversed.

The League of Nations has made in the statistical field a great effort towards unification; likewise in the fiscal; it has sought to make uniform customs nomenclature, the tonnage of ships, and so forth. . . . These questions will seem perhaps very minor; but it is thus that a complex reality must be approached. Everywhere the League of Nations is striving to substitute order for anarchy, to collect facts and to render institutions comparable. To those who consider that this is not much, it is easy to answer that it is much more than before the war, when there was nothing at all of this nature.

The truth is that the work of the League of Nations in this domain amounts to a profound revolution. The League was born in the first instance from the needs of our epoch and from the economic interdependence of states. Singularly enough, those who edited the pact scarcely suspected this at all. But reality is always stronger than men, and these economic needs were not long in showing themselves beneath the political preoccupations of the League of Nations. If the conditions under

which this work was accomplished be considered, almost without legal basis and in the midst of one of the greatest economic crises of history, what is surprising is not that it was realized so slightly but that it was realized at all.

It is the same story in the humanitarian sphere, in which international collaboration is wholly natural, and where nevertheless it remained embryonic before the war. But we have no intention of being exhaustive. We wished only to show a few of the changes which the existence of the League of Nations has introduced into international relations, and that almost without men's knowing it.

There are those who will say that this progress, due to the League of Nations, was not due in reality to the war, for the former would have been perfectly able to be born without the latter. This is exact in pure theory. Social realities always end by creating the institutions which they need in order to flower.

But there is often great delay in the evolution of ideas. Before men understand the lessons which derive from fact and before they will recognize the most appropriate institutions for a new situation, a very long time is likely to pass. Without the war, which hastened this evolution, God only knows how long we would still have had to await this readjustment.

If we recall the resistance provoked even in 1899 and 1907 by the most anodyne and optional forms of arbitration; if we observe the obstacles which compulsory arbitration still meets in certain countries, in spite of all experience; if we consider, finally, the daily resistance due to the national egotism of the big states, we have indeed the right to say that, without the shock of the war, the League of Nations could not have been realized for a long time, in no matter how unsatisfying a form.

To break the idea of absolute state sovereignty we needed the high lesson of international solidarity which the war gave us; we needed to have three quarters of humanity

for years engaged in one same thought, bound by a single preoccupation. We needed to have the provisioning of Europe exact the creation of inter-Allied organs, which became the prototypes of the League of Nations in the economic realm; we needed above all to have the practical experience of the blockade of Germany reveal to all eyes that the network of exchange cannot be destroyed with impunity without infinite suffering for everybody. We needed, in a word, the lessons of the war, its sufferings, the indignation it provoked in every heart.

This is why we should be infinitely grateful to President Wilson for having insisted at the Peace Conference on the insertion of the League of Nations Pact in the peace treaty. Had he not attached such great importance to this apparently formal question, had he allowed peace to be made, as his colleagues urged him to, without the League of Nations existing, who knows when it would have seen the light and in what form?

IV

There is now only our second question to answer. If war is an instrument of progress, can it be abolished without the risk that human progress will be arrested? Is it conceivable? Would it be desirable?

History teaches that every human society in the beginning rests on force; but a day comes when it passes this stage and replaces force by law. In this way states were formed. Men began by living in a state of war with one another; then they grouped themselves in villages and it was the villages that made war; then the villages grouped themselves in provinces and the provinces fought with each other. Little by little, under the pressure of economic necessities which tended to widen more and more the basis of existence and the needs of communities, the provinces became states and it was the states which made war.

Today we are at the point where the states themselves

have become too small separately to guarantee human life, on the basis of their actual needs. They are obliged to group themselves; and in grouping, they are led naturally to commit to the combination the duty of defending them. There is nothing in this either new or revolutionary. It is but the sequel and result of an evolution several thousand years old.

The history of the Swiss Confederation offers us, in little and in brief, an entirely analogous evolution. It was on the basis both of economic needs and of the desire for security that the mountain communities of primitive Switzerland grouped themselves in the Middle Ages. But each State kept its sovereignty and the duty of providing for its own security. The result was that in four centuries the States which formed the Swiss Confederation fought with each other no less than six civil wars: 1440, 1529, 1531, 1656, 1712, and 1847.

When we go to the bottom of things, the reason for these wars was always the same. This was, that institutions remained immobile in a changing world. The cantons were bound together by unchangeable treaties. But their respective force, their needs, their conceptions were much modified in the course of centuries; there resulted quarrels which there were no legal means of settling, outside of war.

In 1848, the basis of the Confederation was transformed. A constitution was substituted for the old treaties and a clause was inserted in this constitution which renders its revision possible by majority vote. From then on, the constitution has been very often revised, and there has not been one single menace of war between the cantons.

Nothing forbids our thinking that humanity has reached this stage of its evolution. The League of Nations Pact provides rules for its own revision and rules for the modification of those treaties which have become inapplicable. In other terms, the League of Nations Pact is not an unchangeable treaty; it is essentially evolutionary and offers

the means of peacefully adapting political institutions to the changing realities of the international world. This means that it makes war useless, by furnishing the means of realizing its ends peacefully.

Certain people believe that what has always been will always be. We pity these pessimists, because they are incapable of seeing what is happening under their eyes. If what has always been had to be always, if human nature were inept at change, the world would still be today in the state in which God created it. We should be cave men and we should be using stone utensils.

Why then should progress, which has been possible for our fathers, be impossible for our sons?

THE SMALL-TALK OF A GREAT AFFAIR

By EMILY STONE WHITELEY

WHEN the Honorable Charles Bagot was appointed Minister to the United States the congratulations of his friends sounded something like condolences. "You were right to accept, and if you can succeed"—the ominous little "if" creeps into their letters and there is an uneasy tone to their felicitations. It was a splendid opportunity for the young diplomat, they all agreed, but a dangerous and desperate undertaking, and one that was quite as likely to end his career as to establish it. In the thirty-two years that had passed since the American Revolution, none of the British Ministers to the United States had gained any glory from their missions. All of them had returned to Downing Street injured either in spirit or in reputation, usually in both. They had made mistakes, or they had been simply unlucky. They had fallen into all sorts of pitfalls. Some of them had seemed to ally themselves with one political party, offending another; and some had imprudently conversed with adventurers and filibusterers. They had suffered horribly from the vagaries of democratic etiquette, and their wives had made scenes. A leakage of official secrets had embarrassed one; another, with the best intentions, had made trouble by exceeding his instructions. One envoy had used such invidious language to the President that the Executive had declined to receive any more communications from him, and he was left to wander in outer darkness until a ship came and carried him home. Sometimes reproof, sometimes cold sympathy, had been the reward of these unfortunate servants of His Majesty, but never a laurel to any one of them.

As young Mr. Bagot surveyed the scene, the bones of his predecessors lay whitening the field, and "such an one was strong and such an one was bold" but all of them, as Mr. Wellesley Pole, Bagot's father-in-law, pleasantly remarked, had contrived to render themselves objects either of "contempt or ridicule."

At last, in 1812, the measure of mutual misunderstanding was full, and there broke out between the two countries what some historians have termed "an unnecessary war." It was now 1815. Great Britain and the United States had just signed a treaty of peace at Ghent and diplomatic relations were to be resumed. The task of a British Minister at Washington was, however, even more difficult than before. A whole new crop of quarrels and resentments had sprung up on the recent battlefields, and it had been so hard for the two parties to agree and make a peace that important points of contention were left unsettled by the Treaty. Some were actually not mentioned in the articles; others were referred to commissions; so that the Convention itself was hardly more than an indefinite and fragile armistice. There were a number of explosive questions awaiting the British Minister at Washington, any one of which was liable to blow him out of the service and into the retirement of private life.

It was under these auspices that Mr. Bagot accepted the American mission.

The Honorable Charles Bagot was a younger son of an ancient and honorable house, a brother of Lord Bagot of Bagot's Bromley. He was thirty-two years old and had married in 1806 Mary Charlotte Anne Wellesley-Pole, a niece of the Duke of Wellington. He was an Oxford man and a member of the witty circle of George Canning and his friends. Just after Mr. Bagot's acceptance something happened which made his task much easier. Waterloo was won—British prestige received a tremendous boost.

"Waterloo is a great help to you," wrote Canning to the

newly made Minister, "perhaps a pretty necessary help after the (to say the least) balanced successes and misfortunes of the American War."

There was a general belief in England at this time that President Madison had been secretly leagued with Napoleon, and the feeling aroused by this misconception was very bitter. Even the genial Sir Walter Scott regretted that his country had been obliged to make peace with the Americans before giving them "a memento" that "the unborn babe would remember," and the philanthropic Wilberforce was restrained only "by the religion of the blessed Jesus" from longing to inflict all sorts of evils upon the detestable American Government. Bagot doubtless felt much as these gentlemen but, not being a philanthropist or a literary man, he was neither so bitter nor so picturesque. He was a Tory and bred upon The Quarterly. A pretty thorough-going article had appeared recently in that magazine and Mr. Bagot had read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested that highly spiced dish of truth and slander, and was now fully possessed of the fact that "the Englishman whom business should carry to visit his brethren across the Atlantic must expect to find vulgarity of vice and hostility to all of the graces of life—a tone of conversation, heartless and repulsive or (among the more sprightly breed of genteel citizens) coarse, forward, and inquisitive."

Charles Bagot had no love for the United States but he had a firm intention to do a good piece of diplomatic work, please his chief, and honorably advance himself in his career. It was his business to cultivate good relations between his country and that to which he was accredited, and he made up his mind that this could be done and that he was going to do it.

For the purpose of drawing the two countries closer together he had imagined "a plan of treatment" simple but entirely original in this connection—so simple, indeed, as to arouse a cynical merriment among his friends. He in-

tended to make himself agreeable. He would charm the wild Yankees. He would carry with him an inexhaustible stock of good-humor, laying aside pride, vain-glory, all superfluity of witty sarcasm, and he would array himself in the most beautiful shining armor of courtesy that any British diplomat had as yet exhibited in the United States. A chorus of friendly jibes greeted his exposition of his "plan." It was fine, but his friends hoped he did not flatter himself that by being civil to the Yankees he would render them civil to him in return. Canning patted him on the head for his amiable intentions but remarked dryly, "I am afraid, indeed, that the question is not so much how you will treat them, as how they will treat you, and that probably the hardest lesson a British Minister at Washington has to learn is not what to do but what to bear." So they wished him well.

It was in June, 1815, that the Honorable Charles Bagot kissed hands on his appointment at the Levee of the Prince Regent, but it was not until early in 1816 that he sailed for America. He had to wait for a ship, and the ship had to wait for a crew. So he waited, if dallying in England at that particular time can be called waiting. It was the glorious summer of Waterloo, one of the most brilliant periods in all English history, and London was in her gayest mood. The army had come back from the Continent, and heroes, foreign and domestic, were plentiful as tabby cats. In Hyde Park all sorts of strange and gorgeous uniforms vied with the proud cravats and tightly buttoned coats of the dandies. In the afternoon, beautiful duchesses drove out in magnificent equipages with powdered footmen and coachmen stately as archbishops, and the Prince Regent appeared on horseback accompanied by a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen. Lord Byron had brought his bride to town. Sir Walter Scott had come out of the north and was swapping jokes at the Regent's table and cleverly parrying his host's allusions to the mysterious authorship of "Waverley."

Beau Brummel was gaily gambling away "the poor ten thousand guineas" that remained at his bankers. He lost also the half-penny with the hole in it—"no doubt that rascal Rothschild or some of his set have got hold of it." Kean was playing Shakespeare, and a small, exclusive audience enjoyed wicked French plays, foiling the censor by limiting the show to subscribers. Society sang Moore's melodies, waltzed, or danced the quadrille which Lady Jersey had just brought over from France; until the hunting season drove them out of London and into the country houses.

And all this Charles Bagot saw and was part of, in that *anno mirabile* in England.

At last his ship was manned and he sailed away and arrived in the New World early in the New Year.

Washington in 1816 was, as the Abbé Correa described it, a city of magnificent distances. Not that it was so large; it was very small but it was so spread out. It was peculiar in having been started at the extremities, and there was no cosy sociable centre. Everything was very far away from everything else, and, in between, stretched miles of marsh and bare commons. There had been such a ruthless cutting down of trees that hardly any remained except a double row of poplars planted along Pennsylvania Avenue. A few buildings huddled around Capitol Hill, but frogs and mosquitoes were the principal inhabitants along the unpaved road that led to the White House. Around the President's grounds a few streets were nearly filled up. At Nineteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue there was a row of handsome houses called the Seven Buildings. One of these was now the residence of the President, as the White House was being repaired after its destruction by the British in 1814. Farther along towards Georgetown were several blocks of houses, and scattered about were a few fine mansions built by the original owners of the land. The roads were unpaved and impassable in bad weather. Getting about at night was a high adventure. Carriages were fre-

quently overturned or stuck fast in the mud. If the driver missed the way he might wander around the country until morning. There were even stories of highwaymen in the neighborhood of Georgetown. Fevers were accepted as a part of the ordinary routine of life. One got used to the daily attack of chills and simply took to the sofa with a shawl and a pot of tea until the shivering fit was over. The Congressmen and Senators lived for the most part in boarding houses: and a young lady of North Carolina who surveyed the social scene at this time noted regretfully "the homespun propensities of our great folk. I suppose there have never been in the city so many plain women, in every sense of the word, as are now among the families of official personages." Madame Pichon, the French Minister's wife, complained that the ladies knew the price of a bunch of turnips but knew nothing of the Paris Opera. But there were always pretty girls at the Georgetown balls (even a former British Minister had acknowledged it).

The city still bore the scars of the recent British invasion. At the approach of the redcoats the President's lady and many other worthy citizens had gathered up their best belongings and fled the town. It was now two years since that day, and Mrs. Madison's macaw and the Stuart portrait of Washington, and all the other fugitives, had gotten back from their hasty flight; the Capitol was rising from its ruins; the new White House was nearing completion.

Shortly after Mr. Bagot arrived in the United States he jotted down some of his first impressions. Entering the Chesapeake was "the grandest thing imaginable. . . . We saw five hundred wild swans in a flight, and saw the Potomac and the Rappahannock and all those mighty waters with the names of which I could have curdled myself in former days. . . . At last I arrived at Squashington—Snow—Taverns, Credentials, Congress, Visits, Senators, Consuls, Vice-Consuls—Packets and their agents, Federal-

ists and Madeira, Democrats and Segars, Slaves smelling like cats, Atheists, Methodists and Cobbetts."

"Here I am in a great red brick house, stark new, built with unseasoned wood—the doors won't shut and the windows won't open, and it stands in a wilderness of brick kilns. Still it is a good house"; and Washington was a better city than he had expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Bagot made their first public appearance at Mrs. Madison's Drawing Room in February. The Executive Mansion was a three-story brick building and had been very hastily and simply furnished as a temporary lodging. The whole house was thrown open for the reception and was illuminated from top to bottom, candles being supplemented by pine torches held by slaves standing motionless in the embrasures of the windows. Chief Justice Marshall and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court were there in their robes, many officers of the Army and of the Navy, and members of the Cabinet. Mrs. Madison, resplendent in rose-colored satin with a long white velvet train lined with lavender and a velvet turban and plumes, had a pleasant word and a smile for everyone. Somewhere near her, but rather lost in the crowd, hovered the precise little figure of the President in black satin knee-breeches and a queue no thicker than a pipe-stem, queues being quite out of fashion. It was known that the British Minister and his wife were to be at the Drawing Room. Gossip reported them young and good-looking, and Washington society was eager to meet them. Mrs. Crowninshield, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, had hurried back from Baltimore where she had been visiting, and Mrs. Patterson and the Catons, granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, had also come over for the occasion. It was the most brilliant reception that Mrs. Madison had held.

The Bagots came late and made a splendid entry. The Minister and the Secretaries of the Legation were in court costumes and the beautiful Mrs. Bagot was in white lace

and satin with diamond ornaments. Her hair was in curls and dressed high and a narrow gold band held in place nine white ostrich feathers. Her manner was gracious and gay. Washington society decided that she was a very agreeable lady, determined to be pleased with everything, and that her neck and shoulders were the whitest ever seen. Tradition has it that the Minister gallantly fired a royal salute to the First Lady of the Land. "Mrs. Madison looks every inch a Queen." This tribute coming from a man who belonged to the world of Kings and Queens sounded pleasantly in republican ears. Doubtless, in the weeks that had passed since his arrival, Mr. Bagot had made many remarks more worth preserving, but this little compliment is what that capricious jade History has chosen to pass on, and, as far as we know, it was the first word that Mr. Bagot spoke in this country.

By May the new Envoy began to feel somewhat at home. "I am in a great situation," he wrote, "much greater than I conceived when I was in England, but it is a very arduous and a very responsible one.—All my first worries are over, I have gone through all my ceremonials, and begin to know people's names and faces; and now the Congress is up, and the members have all dispersed, which gives me rest and time to look about me. I have been very well received here, and I make it my business to endeavour to do away with—as much as I can—the *malus animus*. I shall do something in that way, but no man can hope to do it in any great degree, as it is, in fact, the food upon which the great, and, I am sorry to say, the predominant party in the country is nourished."

Among the most important matters awaiting the Minister's attention was the troublesome question of the Canadian Fisheries which the Commissioners at Ghent had not been able to settle. Mr. Bagot tactfully suggested to Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of State, that they should endeavor to reach an understanding on the subject by informal con-

versation. "His manner is candid," wrote Monroe, "he wishes to put nothing on paper to irritate; to agree if we can and in that case in the simplest and most concise form, and if we cannot, to let the matter rest, as if nothing had been done." There was, however, a matter which in the view of the President was more pressing than the question of the Fisheries. This was the presence of a large number of war vessels on the Great Lakes.

During the recent war there had been much fighting on the Lakes, and at the termination of the contest both parties had large armaments on those waters. The American Government was very anxious to have these forces reduced in the interest both of peace and of economy. Great Britain, on the other hand, as the weaker party in those regions, felt that she needed protection against sudden attack, and public sentiment in England was for increasing the Canadian fleet. The two nations seemed about to be drawn into an expensive and irritating competition. The situation was full of danger. There was jealousy and suspicion on both sides, and the peace so newly made was in peril of being disturbed at any moment by an indiscretion of some young naval officer or of some touchy captain of a trading vessel. In fact there were about this time several clashes between British armed vessels and American merchant ships. Mr. J. Q. Adams, American Minister to Great Britain, had already, in January, opened the matter to Lord Castlereagh, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and had made the proposition that each side should reduce its force to a certain moderate number of armed vessels, or even limit its lake fleet to the needs of the revenue service. Lord Castlereagh agreed that all armament beyond what was necessary to prevent smuggling was liable to produce mischief, but he observed that mutual disarmament would give the United States a great advantage in case of war. This seems evident in spite of Mr. Adams' ingenious argument to the contrary. When the subject was touched upon in

Parliament there was also much mention made of the ancient policy of preserving peace by being prepared for war. However, some weeks later, to Mr. Adams' surprise, Lord Castlereagh renewed the discussion of the Lake Armaments, and it was arranged that negotiations on the subject should be undertaken at Washington and that powers and instructions should be sent to Mr. Bagot.

"I have received instructions four miles long and full powers to make a convention, which frightens me to death, but I am glad of it too," wrote Charles Bagot to an intimate friend, and in a somewhat different style he communicated the news to the American Secretary of State, intimating also that he would be glad to enter on the Lake discussion after they had arranged the question of the Fisheries. But Mr. Madison was uneasy. Those British war vessels riding on the Lakes were a kind of nightmare to him. He wanted immediate attention to be given to the armament adjustment, especially as an enlargement of the British forces was actually going on; and he urged that all augmentation of force should be stopped immediately, even if only provisionally, pending a permanent agreement. Mr. Bagot yielded to the President's desire to have the armament question come first, and he formally opened the negotiation by a letter stating that the Prince Regent, "in the spirit of the most entire confidence," was ready to adopt cheerfully any reasonable system "which would contribute to economy, to peacefulness and to the removal of jealousy." In answer, Mr. Monroe submitted a precise and detailed proposal for the mutual reduction of armed forces on the Lakes.

In the meantime summer was icumen in. Mr. Bagot, after a few days of Washington heat, decided that "Shadrach was no such great fellow after all." "A pint of American summer," he writes, "would thaw all Europe in ten minutes. Sir, it is dreadful—it is deleterious—it leads to madness. Ice houses take fire and scream because they

cannot bear it. . . . In England, as far as I can recollect, you have a small sort of summer, consisting chiefly of Roses, Swallows, Trout, Bees, Peas, Buttermilk and things of that kind. Here we have the Frog, the Fever, the Locust, Lizard, Thunderstorm and all the sublimer features of that charming season. . . . I wish you could see a thunderstorm here, your thunderstorms in Europe are squibs and crackers to them here."

The President was now at Montpelier, having left Mr. Bagot the use of his ice house ("a thousand blessings attend him!"), the Secretary of State was at Oak Hill for the greater part of the time, and the Minister in Washington; so negotiations were tedious and complicated. They are spread out in full in learned books, and by studying them carefully one gets a vision of large official letters playing "Pussy Wants a Corner" around a quadrangle formed by Mr. Bagot, the State Department, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Madison. Propositions, explanations, answers zig-zagged diligently to and fro.

The proposed reduction of the forces being greater than he had expected, and some of the details seeming questionable, Mr. Bagot thought it safest to refer the matter to England. There it arrived during the holiday season when, as Mr. Pole said, "The Lord be praised, all the Cabinet are dispersed, and no one of them knows what the other is about." This caused a delay of several months.

That Great Britain had seemed willing to accede to our wishes, had of course appeared to certain persons as a sign of weakness. Was British prosperity on the decline, or was trouble in Europe apprehended, they questioned with invidious meaning. And now that the negotiations were delayed, there were not wanting others who gloomily foreboded that the United States was being made the victim of a game. So, to a low antiphonal chanting of such sentiments, the work went on.

Mr. Bagot gave orders to stop all increase of the British

forces on the Lakes and furnished the American Secretary of State with an exact tableau of His Majesty's fleet in those waters. He also busied himself investigating and correcting some recent unpleasant incidents in those regions. "I have had a swingeing time of it, and have worked harder and done more disagreeable things during the last four months than I ever did in my whole preceding life." The promptness of the Minister and the efficacy of his measures for preventing irritation were very reassuring and pleasing to Mr. Madison, but no further agreement could be reached during his term of the presidency.

In the autumn the Bagots passed a few days at Montpelier where Queen Dolly reigned with lavish hospitality. The winter that followed was, according to Mr. Bagot, "prodigious," very busy, very cold, and very gay. There were a number of balls and dinners, and thrilling descriptions of Mrs. Bagot's costumes were written by the ladies of Washington to their sisters "back home." She flits in and out of the scene in a light green Italian crêpe with a wreath of roses in her hair or in a gold-embroidered gown and turban. That her dress "stuck out very much at the bottom," or that it was cut very low in the back, were important details. Her sleeves were sometimes long and tight, and anon short and full.

Mr. Harrison Gray Otis wrote of seeing the Minister and his wife at one of Madame de Neuville's informal Saturday Evenings at the French Embassy. They and some others of the diplomatic set danced and waltzed, "just a *jeu du moment,* on the carpet, but gracefully executed." The waltz was new in that age of innocence and delightfully shocking; to be sure, it was much the vogue in London, though, as Mrs. Middleton said, "to the dismay of all mothers."

Mr. Otis also tried his hand at reporting Mrs. Bagot's costumes. He described a ball at the British Legation most competently in regard to decorations, the display of plate

and porcelain, the fancy jellies and dishes with which the tables were loaded, the air of ease and affability which pervaded the rooms—but when he came to the lovely lady's dress, he was vague and lyric—: "It was certainly silk covered with muslin—whether light blue or pink I could not swear. But the border was of very rich lama. White feathers nodded from her pretty head, and contested in vain for the palm of whiteness with a bosom and shoulders which were dressed in the *depth* of the fashion; a diamond necklace added to the effect of these charms."

The "homespun" quality of some of our great folk, which the young Carolina lady deplored, amused the Minister's wife not a little. "My dear Mrs. S., what ever can you be doing?" she said laughingly one day to a woman whose arm up to the elbow was disappearing in the salad bowl. "Oh, just rollicking for an onion, my lady," was the equally good-humored reply. Such little happenings doubtless cheered the way, but the Honorable Mrs. Bagot was bored and lamented in her correspondence that she had to stick pins in herself to keep awake at "their stupid balls." Whereupon she received a wholly delightful letter from the Duke of Wellington. He scolded his niece "like a little Dutch uncle." He told her plainly that he did not care at all about her being bored. "You pledged yourself that you would live behind a mountain with your Man if you were allowed to marry him; and I have no pity for you and won't hear of your being off. Besides, how can you complain when you have such elegant amusements as a *Barbecue*? I could not avoid reading your account of that amusement to Miss Louisa (Louisa Caton and her sisters had been introduced to the Duke by the Bagots) who was with me when I received it. But she swears she was never present at such an amusement, but she knows what *apple toddy* is, and *whiskey sling* and a *shote*. She is very entertaining and we all like her excessively," and so on, with some pleasant scandal about other friends, for the Iron Duke knew admirably how to

brew a dainty dish of gossip and Mrs. Bagot was a great favorite with him.

"Mr. Monroe (a man of altogether foxy appearance) has been made King of these parts," wrote Mr. Bagot from "Washington in the Wilderness" in March, 1817; and it was with Mr. Rush, Secretary of State *ad interim,* that the disarmament negotiations were continued. The proposition put forward by the United States was accepted by Great Britain, and in April, 1817, a formal agreement between the two Governments was entered into by an exchange of notes between Mr. Bagot and Mr. Rush. The forces were mutually reduced to the mere needs of the revenue service, and all other armed vessels were dismantled, as it was impossible to get them from the Lakes to the sea.

Mr. Bagot remained about two years longer in the United States. He had in hand some other important matters, and certain events occurred at this time that required careful attention. General Jackson was on the warpath. His summary execution of two British subjects suspected of arousing and aiding the Indians in Florida caused much excitement in England. The American Government had a great deal of explaining to do, and it was fortunate for both nations that His Majesty's representative in the United States during the crisis was a gentleman of cool and steady nerves.

In March, 1819, an "unprecedented entertainment" took place in Washington, "a ball given to a British Minister by American citizens." The Bagots were about to leave. "A more festive or brilliant assembly I never attended," wrote a young lady. "Mr. Bagot acted the perfect gentleman and she looked an empress. They were both very much excited and expressed gratitude in unbounded and apparently sincere tones. They will carry with them the admiration and good wishes of all who knew them. . . . We shall never again, I imagine, witness so much style and splendor as the entertainment the British Envoy presented."

While waiting for their frigate at Annapolis, Mr. Bagot and his family, including a small new daughter, passed several days with Charles Carroll of Carrollton in the brick house which still stands down by the water's edge and which was then a century old.

John Quincy Adams, who had returned from England to become Secretary of State, pondered heavily in his diary concerning Mr. Bagot's successful career in this country. For a sample of the Minister's technique, Mr. Adams had only to turn back a few pages in his own journal. He might have read there a rather sharp little conversation which he once had with Mr. Bagot. "I told him that no Government in the world understood better than the British how to accommodate their pride to their interests." This remark seems to border on the sneer, but Mr. Bagot accepted it as a compliment and suavely answered that he was fully convinced that his Government understood everything as well as any other. John Quincy runs over the pros and cons: Mrs. Bagot was a discreet, amiable, and lovely woman; the Minister was tall, remarkably handsome, perfectly well-bred; on the other hand, he had no great intellectual power or profound learning, and he came immediately after a war when national feeling was highly exasperated against his country. Yet he had made himself universally acceptable. No English Minister had ever been so popular. Mr. Adams found it very puzzling, but finally reached the thoroughly Adamsian conclusion that Mr. Bagot's success was due chiefly to the mediocrity of his talents and that perhaps second-rate men make the best diplomatists. The British Government however did not inquire so curiously into the matter but promptly conferred upon Mr. Bagot the Order of the Bath and raised him to the rank of Ambassador. English relations with the United States were better than they had ever been before.

The Rush-Bagot Agreement was a modest arrangement and went into action very unobtrusively. Mr. Monroe did

not submit it to the Senate until nearly a year after it went into operation, and Lord Castlereagh, who was quite in advance of popular sentiment in England, does not seem to have announced it to Parliament at all. The task of bringing the two countries together had not been an easy one. The air was foggy with resentment and suspicion, not at all a propitious atmosphere for an international rapprochement. But perhaps it was the very danger of the situation that forced the responsible men on both sides to rise above their natural prejudices and customs. They sought peace and took practical measures to ensue it. To the Rush-Bagot Agreement must be attributed in great part the peaceful relations that have subsisted since that time between Great Britain and the United States. It has been characterized as "the greatest step in progress toward the maintenance of peace, and without precedent in history."

It was the first disarmament agreement made by the United States.

Who got the pen that signed the Rush-Bagot Agreement? No one, apparently. It probably went on humbly scratching for a living, not dreaming that it was perhaps mightier than a sword.

NORTH CAROLINA AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

I

AFTER half a century of orderly industrial development, the last decade of which materially has been phenomenal, North Carolina within recent months has been rocked by labor disturbances whose violence has reverberated throughout the country. Strikes in textile mills at Gastonia and Marion have resulted in eight homicides; three unrestrained demonstrations of mob lawlessness; three mobilizations of the militia; the State's most sensational and expensive trial in which twenty lawyers took part; more than three hundred arrests involving numerous other court cases; eviction or planned eviction of more than a hundred families from their homes; and inflammation of public sentiment to a degree seldom equalled in the history of the State. Beside this record, the strikes at Charlotte, Kannapolis and Concord in 1921 during the post-war period of deflation pale into comparative insignificance.

The root of the recent trouble was an attempt to organize textile operatives in a State where a large majority of these operatives have never had any form of labor organization and where a favorite advertisement has smugly proclaimed them "the most contented labor working under the best conditions in the United States." This was carried on at Gastonia by the National Textile Workers Union, a Communist group which is outlawed by the American Federation of Labor; and at Marion by the United Textile Workers of America, a union affiliated with the American

Federation. Comparison of the local reactions to these two opposed labor groups shows that although general opposition was louder and more continuously excited at Gastonia which had been invaded by the Communists, the actual toll in human life was exactly three times greater at Marion where the comparatively conservative U. T. W. was active. There was no appreciable difference in the attitude of the employers toward members of the two organizations, so far as compliance with their requests was concerned. When the Communists first came to Gastonia a wave of popular tenderness toward the A. F. of L. was noticeable, but when representatives of the Federation appeared a little later at Marion they were no more welcome than the radicals had been at Gastonia. At both places the strikes resulted in defeat for the workers, regardless of their affiliation.

On April 1 at Gastonia the National Textile Workers Union called a strike at the Loray mill, owned by the Manville-Jenckes Company of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and approximately half of the twenty-two hundred workers employed there walked out. This strike was practically simultaneous with those at Elizabethton, Tennessee, and at Greenville, South Carolina. In February Fred Erwin Beal, a Communist labor organizer from Lawrence, Massachusetts, had been sent to Gastonia by the N. T. W. U., and organization of the Loray workers had been secretly in progress for some time before the strike began. Later Beal was joined by other Northern organizers.

The union considered the Loray mill, "the biggest tire fabric mill in the world under one roof," as the key to Gaston County, and Gaston County, in turn, where there are more than a hundred mills, as the key to the South. Dissatisfaction among the Loray workers made the time ripe for action, the chief grievance being the "stretch-out sysmill had cut the pay-roll drastically while increasing tem." By this method a very unpopular manager of the production, and although he had been supplanted several

months before the strike began and conditions had improved somewhat, the workers were still nursing deep grudges. The "stretch-out system" which was likewise the cause of several minor strikes in towns near Gastonia means, in brief, that an operative is required to do more work either for the same pay or with an increase in pay entirely disproportionate to the increase in labor.

Abolition of this system was one of the main demands of the Gastonia strikers. Others were: elimination of all piece-work, hank or clock systems, and substitution of a standard wage, with a minimum of $20.00 for a forty-hour, five-day week; equal pay for equal work for women and youth; sanitary working and housing conditions; fifty per cent reduction of rent and light charges; and recognition of the union. Loray officials claim that the average weekly wage paid at the mill is $18.50—decidedly higher than the average of $13.28 for North Carolina, according to the U. S. Census of Manufactures—and that the minimum weekly wage is $10.20. An unbiased investigator, however, states that the average claimed by the mill includes wages paid all employees, counting many foremen, and that the minimum does not apply to piece-workers who are numerous and who receive from $7.00 a week up—occasionally as high as $30.00. The mill is supposed to observe the sixty-hour week allowed by the North Carolina law, although the strikers said that they worked longer.

Two days after the Loray workers walked out Governor Gardner dispatched five companies of the State militia to Gastonia at the request of the Mayor of the city and the Sheriff of the county. Estimates of the disorder which brought about the request for troops vary widely. Gastonia was greatly excited because of the activity of the radical organizers, excitement which steadily increased as the strike progressed. The local paper, The Gazette, emitted daily tirades against the "Bolshevik invasion" and printed huge advertisements against the "Red menace" and in defense

of one hundred per cent Americanism. Among the citizenry highly-colored reports circulated regarding the religious, social, political, and economic unorthodoxy of the invaders.

Bad feeling continued to brew hotly. Subsequent events at Gastonia are now so notorious that it is unnecessary here to review them in detail. They included: destruction of strikers' headquarters under the very noses of the militia by a mob no member of which was apprehended; dispersing of picket-parades by police officers armed with bayonets and blackjacks who attacked and wounded a number of women; continuous arrests of strikers on flimsy charges and evictions of workers' families from company houses; the shooting affray of June 7 when Police Chief Aderholdt was killed, for which seventy-one strikers were arrested, sixteen of whom were held for conspiracy to commit murder in the first degree; the prolonged, sensational trial interrupted by the juror's insanity; the unrestrained demonstrations of the mob on the night following the mistrial when union headquarters at Gastonia and Bessemer City were raided, three union members kidnapped, one beaten into unconsciousness, and defense counsel and defendants in the Aderholdt case threatened with lynching; the appalling climax of mob violence when Ella May Wiggins was shot down in flight on the highway; the shocking failure of the Grand Jury of Gaston County to indict anyone for her murder or for kidnapping and flogging the union men; and the conviction of seven defendants charged with the killing of Aderholdt, the brunt of the sentences falling on the four Northern organizers after a trial in which their unorthodoxy, religious, economic, and political, had been elaborated before the jury.

II

On July 11 about six hundred and fifty operatives of the Marion Manufacturing Company went on a strike which

had been called by the United Textile Workers of America with Alfred Hoffman, who had been active at Elizabethton, as chief organizer. Unlike the situation at Gastonia, at Marion the workers themselves had formed plans of organization and had applied to the U. T. W. for help. R. W. Baldwin, of Baltimore, is president of this mill, and most of the stock is held in that city. Incidentally, Mr. Baldwin is the gentleman who a few years ago hotly resented statements regarding mill conditions in the South made at a meeting of the Baltimore Open Forum by Paul Blanshard, then Field Secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy. Mr. Baldwin challenged Mr. Blanshard to find a single discontented man, woman, or child in his mill.

Strikers at the Baldwin plant, where about ninety per cent of the workers were organized, claimed that the mill was operating twelve hours and twenty minutes a day, in excess of the legal limit in the State which is a twelve-hour day and a sixty-hour week. Chief demands of the strikers were a ten-hour day for both night and day shifts without a corresponding cut in wages, which amounted to increased pay for the hours of work, and reinstatement of employees who, they said, had been discharged from the mill because of union membership. Mr. Baldwin immediately shut down the mill which remained closed for two months. He stated that the working hours did not exceed the legal limit and that the average weekly wage was around $14.00. Statements by strikers, however, are to the effect that a man operating sixteen looms received $10.80 a week, card hands $11.50, and card inspectors a maximum of $9.00.

Soon after the strike at the Baldwin mill a lock-out at the two Clinchfield mills in Marion was declared by Mabry Hart, the president. Union members held that the lock-out was called to prevent a strike, but Mr. Hart stated that it was due to business conditions. Workers here, who belonged to the same local of the United Textile Workers as

those at the Baldwin mill, were only about forty per cent organized. There was no strike at the Clinchfield plant until an attempt to reopen the mill on August 19. Then the strikers' demands were practically the same as those made by the workers at the Marion Manufacturing Company: fifty-five-hour week, twenty per cent increase in wages, reinstatement of discharged employees, and seats for women operatives in accordance with the State law. It was said that the Clinchfield mills also operated twelve hours and twenty minutes a day.

From the time of the Clinchfield lock-out until the massacre of workers at the gates of the Marion Manufacturing Company on October 2 there was constant trouble at Marion: dynamiting and shooting at night, with one explosion in an out-building of the Clinchfield mill; pickets molested and threatened; refusal of strikers to allow the Clinchfield plant to reopen on August 19 until troops were called; violent resistance to eviction of families of workers from the Clinchfield village, for which on August 31 seventy-four strikers were arrested on charges of insurrection and rebellion against the State. With the questionable example of Gastonia before them, the members of the Marion Board of Aldermen passed an anti-parade ordinance to forestall a proposed parade by the strikers on Labor Day. Evidently, the Gaston example also inspired the militia at Marion who allowed a drunken non-unionist to shoot up the strikers' headquarters within less than a hundred yards of a patrolling sentry. The sentry refused to interfere on the ground that the shooting was out of his jurisdiction, an exclusive position in which he was later upheld by his commanding officer who stated that the troops were in Marion to protect mill property and not to help keep the peace unless requested to do so by the sheriff. Until the massacre the Clinchfield mills were the center of most of the trouble. Then, however, in sport parlance, the Marion Manufacturing Company "came up from behind."

From August 16 until September 10 Judge N. A. Townsend, the personal representative of Governor Gardner, had been almost continuously in Marion and had made every effort to settle the strikes through conferences by representatives of both factions, a method urged by the Governor. There had been a complete breakdown of negotiations on August 28, for which Judge Townsend unequivocally blamed the mill men. However, on September 10 the Judge was able to effect a settlement which represented virtually the defeat of the strikers. According to this agreement which affected both the Clinchfield mills and the Marion Manufacturing Company, the mills were to operate fifty-five hours a week at the same wage per hour as when they had run sixty, which meant less money for the operatives. At the end of six weeks the management was to submit to the employees the question as to whether they wished to remain on this schedule or go back to the former one. It was further agreed that there was to be no discrimination against members of the union, and that the management would hear employees who had grievances. Under this agreement, the Marion Manufacturing Company reopened on September 11, the Clinchfield plants having resumed work with day shifts only on August 20. Later both mills voluntarily raised the pay of their employees by five per cent.

Violation of the agreement not to discriminate against unionists by officials of the Marion Manufacturing Company is said to have been the cause of a spontaneous walkout of workers there at 1:00 o'clock in the morning of October 2, and the killing of six strikers soon after when the shifts changed at 6:45. After the walkout and before the change of shifts a large number of strikers had congregated at the mill gates which were guarded by the Sheriff and ten deputies—it has been said, by special arrangement with one of the company officials. According to the Sheriff, when the strikers refused to disperse peacefully as he ordered

them to do, he shot tear gas into the crowd. Whereupon John Jonas, a striker sixty-three years old, hit the Sheriff with a stick and they grappled. Accounts of what followed are confused, each faction claiming that the first shot was fired by the other. But, according to a reporter for The Asheville Citizen who was an eye-witness, the officers with deadly aim shot into the crowd between sixty and seventy-five times, killing or wounding twenty-four persons as they tried to escape the tear gas. Six strikers were killed, all dying from wounds in their backs. "I can't describe it," said this reporter. "It was more like a nightmare than anything else. Here these poor devils were running for their lives and the officers were shooting them down like dogs." This newspaperman and another from the same paper, who also was present, both say that they saw no firing by the strikers.

The Sheriff, the Superintendent of the Baldwin mill, and sixteen deputies and mill employees were arrested, eight of whom were held for trial on a charge of second degree murder and conspiracy. The Sheriff and the Superintendent were among those released. Thirty-two strikers were arrested, charged with insurrection and rebellion. While the hearing on the wholesale killing was in progress Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Hart renewed their efforts to evict eighty-nine families from the two mill villages. These families include about three hundred persons, more than one hundred of whom are children.

III

Such is the bloody story of Gastonia and Marion, a fearful story of passion and death, a story of the efforts of workers, not always well-advised, to lift themselves and their children into a fuller life, only to be met with blackjacks and bayonets, some to be halted forever by the shots of a mob or the bullets of the law in their backs. It is a story which has sickened many citizens of the State in which the

tragic events occurred, as it has shocked thousands throughout the country.

What will come of it no man can tell. There are those who prophesy that this is only the beginning of serious and long-continued labor troubles in North Carolina unless the State will quickly learn its lesson. Absorbed in the materialism which its new industrial prosperity almost inevitably has brought, North Carolina has neglected the human problems of the Industrial Revolution which has been its economic salvation. It has ignored the history of other sections where this great change has taken place and by whose experience the State might have profited. It has not been sufficiently interested in the welfare of the men and women and children who operate its machines. But the worm is beginning to turn, and if Gastonia and Marion are prophetic, the turning will be a violent convulsion. There is prospect of increased efforts to organize the Southern textile workers through drives in this section planned by both the American Federation of Labor and the Communists. The presence of the latter aggravates the situation. Although there seem to be comparatively few of them, they have made rather surprising headway among the much-advertised Anglo-Saxon workers, and they loudly proclaim that they are in the South to stay. It may be, however, that their revolutionary views and their extravagant methods will serve to turn the currents of dissatisfaction which now agitate this conservative Southern labor into saner channels of organization through the American Federation.

At any rate, if she is wise North Carolina will begin to put her house in order. The laxity of the labor laws in this State is well known. Mills in North Carolina legally may run twelve hours a day and sixty hours a week, and there is no State agency responsible for the enforcement of even this requirement. Night work for women is permitted, and children who have finished the fourth grade in school may work as long as eleven hours a day, the eight-hour child la-

bor restriction enacted by the N. C. General Assembly of 1927 applying only to children who have not finished that grade. It was only the Assembly of 1929 which passed a Workmen's Compensation law sponsored by Governor Gardner.

Throughout the recent disorders the Governor has shown a disposition to be fair and a desire to improve conditions, though no great heart for setting about the task. But he himself is a mill-owner, and many of his most influential friends are members of this group. He has, however, publicly declared himself as favoring the fifty-five hour week and its rigid enforcement with strict penalty for violation, as well as discontinuance of night work for girls under eighteen years old. "We cannot build a prosperous citizenship on low wages," he has said, but he thinks that before the problem of wages can be solved in North Carolina it may be necessary to work out some plan in joint conference with other manufacturing States in the South where mills are in competition with those here. During the Marion strikes the Governor spoke of the necessity of a board of arbitration for settlement of industrial disputes, but as yet he has taken no steps towards its establishment.

It is very likely that Governor Gardner will urge at least some of the measures which he favors during the session of the General Assembly of 1931. Almost certainly some form of improved labor legislation will be enacted by the Legislature at its next session. The State, no doubt, has been shocked out of its complacency. The minority, including several State-wide organizations of women, which previously has vainly urged more progressive labor laws, is now more than ever aware of their necessity. Although organized labor in North Carolina, represented by the State Federation of Labor, is comparatively weak, it has been profoundly stirred by the Marion tragedy, which may result in a more aggressive policy. The Federation kept hands off at Gastonia where the Communists were in

charge of operations, but has been in close touch with the situation at Marion where the "regular" United Textile Workers were active.

During the industrial riots, the North Carolina press has, on the whole, been unprejudiced, with a tendency toward moderate liberalism, although there have been conspicuous exceptions here and there, notably at Charlotte and Gastonia where bad feeling was most intense. The Raleigh News and Observer has taken the lead in championing the rights of the workers.

Certainly the situation as it stands presents one of the most serious challenges ever thrown down to the State. On the one hand, under a policy of wisdom and justice, there is the possibility of orderly industrial development whose benefits are shared by both workers and employers and where the rights of both are recognized. On the other, with continuance of a policy of laissez-faire, there is the prospect of sad repetition of the disorders which have followed the Industrial Revolution in other sections. The people of North Carolina must definitely choose now between these two roads. Says the Governor: "This State has within its citizenship the intelligence and the will to bring about a constructive solution of the problems arising in the change from a predominantly agricultural to an industrial commonwealth in the relation of employee to employer, and in the building of a democratic citizenship on law and order. We have the will to succeed and succeed we will."

Will we? This is a question which vitally affects not only North Carolina but indirectly the South and the whole country. Only time can answer it.

KING COTTON IS SICK

By CLAUDIUS MURCHISON

I

THE spotlight of publicity is playing glaringly upon the cotton mills of the South. Spectacular events have aroused emotions, and sympathy has naturally turned to the men and women whose sufferings have been seen in the raw. Human drama is always more arresting than the underlying principles that explain it. Attention has properly been awakened to the recent experiences of the workmen and the justice or injustice of conditions in the mills or the courtrooms; but there has been little consideration given to the economic circumstances at the bottom of the whole situation. Yet without a lasting prosperity satisfactory wages are impossible.

The textile industry in the South, no less than throughout the whole country, is itself faced with the necessity of a readjustment that is scarcely less than a life and death struggle. The case of the operators of the mills is not the simple one of a man who puts his hands into well-filled pockets to take out more money to meet an increased wage demand. A mill must be operated at a reasonable profit or it cannot long be operated at all. Any real steps toward a permanent abatement of the troubles in the Southern cotton mills must begin with a study of the economic conditions that surround the network of industrial enterprises that goes to make up the entire textile industry.

In dealing with the wage problem of the textile industry, there is perhaps too much inclination to regard it as being primarily a matter of Southern concern. It is customary to compare Southern wage rates with New England rates,

and to centre attention upon the difference between the two. This difference is sufficiently large to be of importance to mill owners, and has been a deciding factor in the movement of the industry southward. But, all things considered, it is not large enough to be of great importance from the standpoint of the workers' welfare.

The last report of the Massachusetts State Department of Labor and Industries reveals that in the city of Fall River in September, 1929, the average weekly earnings for the 11,238 factory workers (practically all of whom were employed in cotton mills) were just $17.86. In New Bedford, whose manufacturing industries are likewise chiefly textile, the average weekly earnings for 13,568 factory workers were $20.74. New Bedford makes a better showing largely because ninety-two per cent of the workers were on a full time basis—an excellent percentage; whereas, in Fall River seventy-eight per cent worked full time during the month.

By way of contrast, the cities of Lynn and Worcester, whose textile operations are unimportant, had average earnings for all factory workers of approximately $30.00 per week, or fifty per cent more than the textile cities! In Worcester, the percentage of full time workers was no greater than in New Bedford.

These figures shout the fact that the wage problem in the cotton mills is national in scope.

Not only are the other major manufacturing industries paying higher wages; they have also been enjoying much higher profits. Cotton mills as a group have been unable to show consistent profits since the post-war inflation period. The majority of them are on the verge of insolvency, and scores of them have gone over the brink. It is doubtful if one in three is paying dividends on common stock.

From 1922 to the autumn of 1929, the securities of other industries were doubling and trebling in value. Textile securities were moving in the opposite direction, and at the

end of the period were selling on the average at less than half of their 1923 prices. Especially drastic was the break in New England mill stocks. One can now pick up, for ten and twenty dollars a share, stocks which were selling at prices between one hundred and two hundred dollars a share in 1923.

Of the sixteen hundred mills (approximately) in the country, there are probably less than one hundred whose securities could be purchased as a safe income-producing investment. In this relatively small group are organizations which are exceedingly profitable for special reasons, but their number is too small to alter materially the picture of the industry as a whole.

The yardage output of the industry has not diminished. New uses for cotton products have more than compensated for short skirts and the increased use of silk. Cotton mills have without great difficulty adapted their looms to the weaving of rayon fabrics, so that the introduction of this material has not been a depressing factor.

Reasons for the failure to attain a widely distributed or stable prosperity are, therefore, clearly not on the surface. One must go deeply into the industry's structure and practices to gain an adequate view of them.

II

The textile industry viewed as a whole with respect to all of its processes from the spinning of yarn to the finishing and marketing of the completed products, presents a form of organization which is practically unchanged from that of fifty years ago; while other industries have been forming combinations and mergers of every type, revolutionizing production and marketing methods, and adopting all sorts of devices for the control of output, inventory, and price.

It is still an industry whose manufacturing units are small, widely scattered, and numerous. Ownership and

management are mostly in the hands of local interests. More often than not these local interests are the community's leading families, socially and economically, with the result that the administration of the mills is frequently affected by considerations of family prestige and community welfare. In time of prosperity with expanding markets and rising prices, these considerations produce no different result from the ordinary profit motive and hence are not important; but in times of depression they become exceedingly important, encouraging the continuance of mill operations at a loss and so aggravating still further the condition of over-production.

It is noteworthy that the great majority of textile units are either in small mill villages, or else concentrated in great textile centres where other industries are relatively unimportant. Wherever there are mills the economic activity of the entire community is, therefore, mainly dependent upon the mills. Where night work is resorted to, it makes all the more dense the population assemblages dependent upon particular mill units. While this top-heavy relationship between workers and employers encourages low wage levels, and hence lower prices for textile products, at the same time it shoulders upon mill managements a greater responsibility for the livelihood of the workers gathered around them. Local ownership and management is therefore subjected to a pressure for continued operation at times when business judgment and the long run interests of everybody would dictate curtailment.

The difficulties of regulating production schedules are increased by the restricted character of the work which each unit performs. Very rarely does a single enterprise do more than a fractional part of what is required to convert raw cotton into a usable finished product. There is instead a series of industries, the output of one constituting the raw material of the next. No objection to this arrangement could be made, were the means or the disposition

present to adapt the operations of the one to the requirements of the other. Unfortunately there is almost never such an adaptation through voluntary, collective effort.

In its stead there is an attitude of conflict between the different groups, each striving to gain advantage over the others without apparent recognition of mutual interests. This economic bushwhacking is engaged in by spinners, yarn merchants, weaving mills, converters, commission merchants in cloth, wholesalers, garment manufacturers, and the various forms of coöperative buying associations.

Many mills, approximately one-fourth, are exclusively spinning-mills. Most of the cloth mills do some spinning, a few of them make practically all of their required yarns, and still others produce an excess of yarns which they dispose of in the market. The buying and selling of yarns is accomplished through the agency of yarn merchants. Where buyers and sellers are so numerous such an arrangement is necessary to procure instantaneous execution of orders, and to provide even terms for all parties. Theoretically the prices of yarns should reveal the true relationship between supply and demand for yarns and so serve as a guide to mill operations.

In actual practice its function of maintaining an even flow of goods is largely frustrated by speculative, and sometimes unethical, operations. No one questions the value of speculative operations in so far as they are a necessary adjunct to hedging. But in the yarn markets they extend far beyond any such laudable purpose. There we find speculative buying of yarns by merchants, mills, and outsiders always attendant upon rising cotton prices. Hence the curious result of stimulated yarn supply from cotton scarcity. At other times, yarn merchants will sell short in anticipation of being able to force mills to accept orders at a lower price. It is not uncommon for merchants to accumulate orders on their books temporarily rather than pass them on to the mills, hoping thereby to gain a subsequent buying

advantage. Thus the yarn market as a whole, instead of reflecting exclusively consumption demand and actual supply, at times becomes an active agent in the concealment of the relationship, and so joins with a number of other influences in producing chaos where there should be order.

A majority of the cloth mills are not equipped to do their own finishing, and so sell their products as "grey goods." Finishing, which includes such processes as bleaching, dyeing, and printing, is therefore in the hands of another group of specialists. But between the actual finishers and the cloth mills is still another group called the converters. The converters purchase grey goods or semi-finished goods from the mills or commission merchants, determine the style characteristics to be imparted to them, and have the finishers do the actual processing on a price per yard basis.

The converter is the stylist of the industry. He employs designers who are constantly at work on new patterns, colors, and fabric constructions. In anticipation of the changing fashions for an approaching season, he submits his new designs or patterns to the trade and solicits orders. Upon receiving the orders, he supplies the finishers with the base materials to be processed according to specification. If he buys the base materials in advance he assumes a speculative risk. If he ventures to have materials finished ahead of the receipt of orders in expectation that certain designs or patterns are bound to be popular, his position becomes still more speculative. If he delays all contracts until receipt of orders, he runs the danger of finding the mills and the finishers unable to take care of his needs on such short notice. What he actually does is a matter of his individual courage, capital, and acumen. In any case he cannot be regarded as a stabilizing influence. The chances are in favor of his intensifying whatever happens to be the tendency of the moment. If the grey goods market happens to be depressed he will naturally delay his purchase to the last minute to the manifest disadvantage of the cloth mills.

On the other hand, if the cloth market is strong and the outlook for higher prices, he will place his orders well in advance and insist upon early deliveries, thus stimulating still further the tendency toward over-stocking which such a situation always produces.

In their purchase of grey goods, the converters do not ordinarily deal directly with the manufacturing units, but purchase through the agency of commission merchants. Thus between converters and mills there is essentially the same kind of open market arrangement as exists between spinners and weavers. The cloth merchants handle both finished and unfinished goods. Purchasing the converter's raw materials for him, they likewise sell for him his finished products.

But into the primary cloth markets of which the commission merchants are the foundation and much of the superstructure, come not only the converters, but also the wholesalers who buy and sell on their own account; the garment manufacturers; the great retail buying organizations, such as the department stores, the chain stores, and the coöperative buying associations; interior decorators; and industrial consumers such as automobile body manufacturers, furniture manufacturers, and those who use fabrics either as raw material or as container material.

Under modern conditions these buyers are powerful, shrewd, highly discriminating and ruthless in their exactions. Yet the average cloth manufacturer never comes in touch with them. Except in a few cases, involving the largest mills, he is satisfied merely to turn over his entire selling accounts and selling responsibility to a selected commission merchant. It is not unusual for a merchant to represent at the same time fifteen or twenty competing mills, and several of the largest commission houses represent from fifty to seventy-five mills.

The prices at which the goods are to be sold are in theory

fixed by the mill, but in practice the goods move at prices recommended by the selling agent.

The commission merchant as selling agent is essentially a trader. His prime consideration as a selling agent, in the very nature of the case, cannot be for the long time profits of his many client mills. His major concern is with the immediate activity of the market—his volume of sales. Both his income and his standing in the market are conditioned upon one thing—moving the goods. A fluctuation of one cent a yard, which may mean the difference between profit and loss for the mill, is a matter of relative indifference to the merchant. As a proposition in ethics, he of course dislikes a development which is not favorable to his mills; as a matter of business he must pursue a policy which produces orders for his mills and an income for himself. If he attempted a different policy, as an individual, and proceeded to hold out for better prices from buyers and more conservative production schedules on the part of the mills, he would quickly get for his pains a loss both of buying and selling customers and a speedy disintegration of his business. His only other alternative is to go with the market and become an indistinguishable part of the daily whirligig.

This alternative is frequently made the more urgent by the fact that many mills look to their selling agents for their financing. Goods are sold commonly on a sixty-day credit basis. The mills themselves cannot bear the burden of such credit extensions. Commission merchants serve as a stopgap making the necessary money advances to the mills (with an interest charge) and subtracting the loans from the subsequent collections. Commission merchants also, in times of slack orders, make loans to mills on the security of goods held in stock.

As a result of these credit practices, mills are usually in debt to the selling houses. In the light of its ultimate economic consequences a more vicious method of financing could hardly be conceived. It has the two-fold tendency of

putting the mills in a position where they must sell goods, regardless of cost, to meet bills payable, and of putting the merchants in a position where they must insist on such action for their own protection.

At a time of market depression in the industry, when the mills are selling output at cost or below, the necessary advances from the commission houses will approximate one hundred per cent of the selling value of the goods. This destroys the last vestige of market independence which the mills possess and prolongs and deepens the depression. The outcome is a status of hopeless insolvency on the part of the weaker mills. Many of them will be taken over quietly by the commission houses and continued in operation so long as the sales commissions exceed manufacturing losses. Perhaps they will be nursed back into solvency; perhaps they will be dropped upon the bankruptcy courts. In such uncertain status are many mills at the present time.

The wholesaler or jobber comes somewhat beyond the commission merchant in the sequence of processes. His importance in textile distribution has waned in late years; but at the present time he appears to be holding his own. He differs from the commission men in that he buys goods outright and sells from his own stock. His profits are not from commissions, but from the difference between his buying and selling price. Although most of his purchases are made through commission men, he in some cases goes around the open market and buys directly from the mills that are able to supply finished goods. He also buys from converters who have their own selling organizations, when the latter are able or willing to meet his needs more advantageously than can the commission merchants.

His particular function in the scheme of marketing is to provide buyers with goods from stock on short notice and in great variety. Thus a large retail buying organization which at the beginning of the season would place its orders in large volume through commission men, would at a later

date place with the wholesalers its supplementary orders which call for varied items in fairly small volume for immediate delivery. The wholesaler is also the preferred source of goods for the many small retailers, garment manufacturers, upholsterers, and interior decorators who have retained their independence as small buying units. They require goods in broken diversified lots and in frequent shipments. This type of business will always persist in sufficient volume to assure the wholesaler an important place in the marketing mechanism of the industry.

The wholesalers' loss of prestige has come from the recent rapid growth in chain stores, from the formation of buyers' syndicates, and the increasing size of department stores, mail order houses, and garment manufacturers.

As the buying units have become larger and stronger, their tendency has been to brush aside the wholesalers and to approach the commission merchants and the larger mills directly. This has changed radically the entire aspect of textile goods bargaining. Faced by so formidable an array of buyers who are thoroughly conversant with the weaknesses of the sellers, the commission merchants are neither in the mood nor in the position to resist effectively. They can only pass back to the mills the price ideas of the buyers, and in the present disorganized state of the mills the buyers' price usually prevails.

Such in the main is the organization of the cotton textile industry. Its many component atoms, widely scattered, and varied in function, achieve coördination, such as it is, through indirection and conflict.

III

There are other factors beside its lack of unified organization that affect the cotton industry. Adjustments in price, type of product, total output, and stocks on hand can be effected with reasonable exactness and promptness only when disturbing influences are mild in character and slow-

moving. But the textile industry has come to be harassed by influences which are anything but mild and slow-moving. Together, they constitute a perfect carnival of violence and unrestraint.

In the first place the wild gyrations of the raw cotton market are demoralizing to the industry. In 1920-21 the range was from 10 cents to 40 cents a pound. In 1926-27 the range was from 11 cents to 25 cents a pound. It has become customary to expect the high price of any year to be from 40 to 50 per cent greater than its low price, and no surprise is entertained if this range happens to be doubled.

Before the war, fluctuations, measured percentually, were not half so great as they have been since. In the period 1905-13 the mean deviation of monthly cotton prices from the average was only about 10 per cent. For the nine year period 1920-28, the corresponding figure is about 25 per cent, and this was closely approached in every year except one. It is evident that cotton price fluctuations have a disturbing influence more than twice as great as they commonly exercised prior to the war.

The more rapid and violent the fluctuations in the price of cotton, the greater is the difficulty in adjusting proportionally the prices of goods. Trading risks therefore become much greater. A certain degree of protection is afforded the mills and converters by recourse to hedging, but it is not great enough to insure against loss. Great technical skill is required for complete success in hedging operations, and many mills hesitate to make habitual use of them. The inadequacy of the device is well evidenced by the fact that a pronounced decline in the price of cotton invariably diminishes profit margins of most mills during the period of decline; whereas a pronounced rise in the price of cotton invariably increases mill profits for a portion of the period.

A high degree of irregularity in the productive output of the mills is a still greater evil resulting from cotton price fluctuations. If cotton prices begin to rise in anticipation

of a relatively small crop, orders for goods at once increase in volume. Retail buyers, industrial consumers, garment manufacturers, converters, and wholesalers hasten to provide for their requirements before prices rise further. The easy inflow of orders, without solicitation or price higgling, works like a tonic on the mills. They scramble madly to place more contracts for raw cotton. Production schedules are hurried up. Night shifts are thrown into operation. The increased mill activity gives cotton prices another fillip, and the contagion of forward buying spreads still further, with the mills disposed to manufacture to stock, if orders are not adequate to take all output at desired prices.

During this artificial tempest nothing at all is happening in the actual consumption area. If anything, the higher prices of goods will discourage the ultimate consumer into the purchase of less clothing or the use of substitute fabrics. This fact finally dawns upon the various divisions of the industry after shelves and warehouses have become loaded with goods which are not moving. The aftermath of depression is likely to be of longer duration than the period of prosperity, since a readjustment downward is not so easy as the expansion upward. Many mills will not curtail until losses from continued operations become as great as the losses from stoppage.

The violence of production fluctuations, whether they originate in the cotton market or from some other cause, is much intensified by the prevalence of nightwork in the South. Night work is the major elastic element in production capacity. At least fifty per cent of the mills either work at night habitually or are prepared to inaugurate night operations on short notice. This accounts largely for the hair trigger action of the industry in responding to slightly improved demand and also explains the speedy manner in which market shortages are converted into surpluses.

The fashion changes of recent years have been not less

pronounced than the gyrations of raw cotton, and perhaps even more disturbing to the industry. These changes have not been of such a character as to reduce total consumption, but have done their damage by continually forcing changes in the composition of output. It is a mistake to associate the concept of style changes with apparel goods only. Virtually all fabric constructions are now amenable to style changes. Denims, ginghams, osnaburgs are highly susceptible. Overalls, draperies, flour bags, furniture and automobile upholstery, curtain materials, and even sheets and bed spreads have all become extremely sensitive to shifting modes.

Before the war probably eighty per cent of the output of textile goods was rigidly staple. The other twenty per cent went through its transitions slowly. The upper strata of the population adopted the new modes in one season; they were gradually welcomed by the masses the following season, and probably did not reach the height of their popularity until the third year. The slowest of the mills and converters were able to make adjustments easily and without misgivings.

But new fashions no longer travel gradually. The population of every hamlet keeps fairly abreast of the elite of Fifth Avenue. Moreover, into the picture of style changes has come the characteristic of the *ensemble*. It involves many elements. Everything that enters into the making of a complete costume, outerwear, underwear, hosiery, hat, shoes, and handbag is simultaneously touched by the new mode. An equally complete transformation is wrought by a new idea in household furnishings, be it for drawing-room or kitchen.

So it has happened that the proportion of "staples" has been sorely whittled down, so that it is now virtually negligible, and no longer constitutes an adequate back log for off-season operations.

Since the disturbing influences of style changes are di-

rected toward the type and design of goods, the danger to mill, converter, jobber, and garment manufacturer lies in the imminent possibility that his chosen design or construction may become unpopular—that a sudden change in public taste may leave him with large stocks of unsold and unsalable goods.

The seasonal nature of the business accentuates these hazards, as it necessitates manufacture and purchase of goods further in advance than would otherwise be the case, and at the same time increases the danger of a carry-over.

No device has been found which effectually reduces the sum total of risk involved in the treacherous whims of fashion. The industry annually suffers from this source a loss running into many millions. All along the line in the industry there is resort to every ingenuity to reduce each man's particular risk, but it can be done only by transferring it to some one else. The retail buyers meet the problem by delaying orders for style goods as long as possible and then insisting on rush deliveries. The converter does the same thing in his purchase of grey goods, unless the cotton market dictates otherwise, and then at the last minute crowds the finishers.

As the various types of retailers, distributors, processers, and garment manufacturers seek to escape risk in this manner, they add proportionally to the burdens of the mills. Here the large capital invested and the maintenance of the labor force require regularity of output, if operations are to be efficient and profitable. Yet if such regularity is attained, it means indebtedness and possible over-production.

The problems incident to style changes are not then being met coöperatively by the various factors which compose the industry. Instead of unity of effort, we find cross purposes and antagonisms. There is surely something wrong with the organization of an industry which forces this ruthless competition between groups which perform different functions!

IV

What then can be done basically to improve conditions throughout the industry? Effort at more efficient management on the part of individual enterprises can avail but little in the way of permanent improvement, so long as the present organization of the industry remains intact. The individual who gains in efficiency will profit only so long as he remains a rarity. Adoption of more efficient methods by the majority of enterprises would merely put competition on a lower price level. The savings from lower costs would eventually be translated into nothing more than lower prices. By the same token the utilization of cheaper labor is only of transient advantage. It merely sets in motion a series of new influences which tends to make all wages lower without profiting those who have brought it about.

A more hopeful adjustment is for the individual enterprise to bring within its own control the entire sequence of functions which are performed in the industry. The Pepperell Mills, the Pacific Mills, the Cannon Mills, and the Cone Mills are units which do much or all of their own converting and selling with gratifying results. Of course they do not escape entirely the adverse influences originating within the unintegrated portions of the industry, since they must sell in competition with units which use the conventional methods.

Moreover, the example which they have set cannot be followed by a majority of the mills owing to smallness of output and lack of capital. The converting and selling functions can be performed successfully only in connection with great variety and volume.

If integration of functions is ever to be realized, therefore, it apparently must come through the agency of combination. Little, or nothing, would be gained by a combination of spinners only, unless it approached the monopoly point, which would be clearly undesirable. Likewise, nothing would be gained for the industry as a whole by a com-

bination of weavers, if the combination continued to buy its yarns in a competitive market and to dispose of its products as grey goods. Combination to produce stability and efficiency must embrace all the functions which extend from the purchase of raw cotton to the final disposal of finished product to large retailers, garment manufacturers, industrial consumers, and other large-scale users.

This is not to imply that the entire industry must be organized into a few gigantic units. It is likely that the integration process could achieve the desired ends if it included no more than half of the industry's output. Through superior production and inventory policies, a readier and more accurate adjustment to style changes, a more competent corps of stylists and designers, the greater volume of good will attendant upon wider and more direct distribution, properly integrated units could speedily set new standards for the industry. The experience of the iron and steel and automobile industries has amply demonstrated what such methods can accomplish.

Of course the price of raw cotton could not be brought under control; neither would there be the power nor the disposition to hamper the course of style changes. But the resulting economic evils could be minimized by vertical integration within the industry. There would be virtual elimination of the series of speculation centers which the industry houses, and which are the chief enticers to periodic overproduction. And so would cease to exist the market warfare between presumably coöperating groups.

It would be a great mistake to assume that the desired prescription can be filled by the mere formation of great holding companies, with each in control of a random collection of mills, possessed of a converter or two, and show rooms on Worth Street. The purpose of the combination is to establish sensitive and perfectly balanced relationships between all operations; from the first one of buying raw cotton to the last one of selling finished style goods. It

must be a structure with a single control station in which are centred the three major types of responsibility; the technical, the economic, and the artistic. No one can be separated from the others without sacrificing all the gain from combination. The requirement is for a complicated, mechanized, mass-producing organization which can supply an ever-changing product to an ever-whimsical consumer, with all the delicacy and precision of the handicraftsman. It will be a complete union of the arts with the sciences.

The financial go-getter who can bring together fifty power companies and launch therefrom a hundred million dollar security issue into the arms of an eager public, or who can organize an investment trust that dazzles Wall Street, would if called upon to apply his wizardry to the textile industry prove an utter "bust." He would be incapable of envisaging, and still less capable of performing, the functions which would be required of him.

Within the textile industry there are certain men who can meet the requirements. They cannot succeed without the sympathy of an enlightened public opinion and the active support of their colleagues and competitors. Fair wages for the workmen in the cotton mills and better living conditions in other respects, are bound up with fair profits for the mills. Misunderstanding and hostility are the first barriers then to these in the industry which is America's most beautiful—and ugliest.

MADAME DE MAINTENON

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THAT a poor girl who had kept geese in the fields should come to marry the greatest king in the world sounds like a fairy tale, and the story of Madame de Maintenon has much of dream quality about it. Yet the heroine does not give the impression of anything fairylike. She was just a creature of plain, cool common sense and enormously determined will, set upon getting the best that life had to give and getting it, yet all the time proclaiming and probably feeling the utter worthlessness of this life compared to another.

Françoise d'Aubigné was born in Niort, France, in 1635. She was the granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, a great Huguenot fighter and writer. Her father was a worthless scamp, who was often in prison, martyred her virtuous but narrow-minded mother, and died Governor of Martinique in 1647. After her return to France, Françoise was tossed about among different relatives and had a rude battle with poverty even to the goose-tending. For a time she was in a convent, and though she long stuck to her Protestantism, she at last succumbed. To escape dependence or religion, she married the paralytic poet Scarron and with him she lived for years in a wild set, but she kept a steady, cool head through all the wildness. After Scarron's death she was poor again, but she made powerful friends and fought her way up, till King Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan induced her to assume the care of their illegitimate children. In this function she was magnificently devoted, and though the King did not take to her at first, she charmed him, as she did every one, till he made her Marquise de Maintenon,

gave her a great estate, abandoned Madame de Montespan and every one else for her, and finally beyond a doubt married her, in 1684, though no actual record of the marriage exists. For thirty years she was practically queen, though never publicly recognized. For thirty years she maintained her position with a tact, a patience, a dignity, an infinite resource and an infinite weariness that no born queen ever surpassed. Then in 1715, when she was eighty years old, the King died, and her glory went out like a snuffed candle. The remaining four years of her life were passed in retirement in the Convent of Saint-Cyr, which she had established as a refuge for young girls, who like herself were of good families but poor, and to which she had turned in her later years with ever increasing interest and devotion.

In this extraordinary and almost unparalleled career the fascinating thing is the study of the twisted tangle of motives, and vast as the material is, to untwist that tangle is so difficult that one is sometimes tempted to accept Madame de Maintenon's own remark, that she wished "to remain an enigma to posterity."

It cannot be questioned that there was a steady purpose, or perhaps we should rather say an instinct, to rise, to get ahead in the world, to get power and prominence and public consideration and esteem. Gleams of these things shine out with indubitable clearness in her own words: "I have never seen any one who was like me in that respect: I was sensitive to the praises of the King and I was just as sensitive to those of a laborer, and there is nothing that I should not have been capable of doing or suffering to get well spoken of."

The curious thing is that she steadily and persistently disclaims any ambition or desire whatever for position and power. And no doubt this is usual with all who seek the good things of the world, but with few is it so marked and so assertive as with Madame de Maintenon. She deprecates all attribution of greatness. As she puts it, in one of

her admirable phrases, "I am not great, I am only elevated." She subdues herself, she withdraws herself, she effaces herself, keeps in the background, as if she were a saint rather than a queen. For not only was she indifferent to the glamor of high station and the splendors of the moving world, she professed to despise and hate them, even in the earlier days before her marriage with the King. In the height of her grandeur she bewails the emptiness of it: "Don't you see that I am dying of grief and melancholy in the midst of a good fortune that could hardly have been imagined? I protest to you, my dear child, that all these varied conditions leave a horrible void, a disquiet, a lassitude, a longing to know something different, because none of them is adequate to satisfy us: there is no repose unless one gives oneself to God." So all through her long career, early and late, there is a continual outcry, or more properly murmur, for repose, tranquility, escape, and peace.

And one naturally asks oneself, if she wanted these things, why did she not have them? During the years when she was most restless, up to the time of her marriage with the King, she could surely have retired, if she had wished, and even later, not being formally recognized, she might have secluded herself in Saint-Cyr or elsewhere, and let the King come to her. The answer she gives us, and no doubt gave herself, is duty and the call of God. These Montespan children were her charge, to be cared for and saved, if she could save them. Still more, as her influence with the King grew, she saw her duty to save him, to pull him out of his debaucheries and make him the savior of his people, and a child of heaven. Such passages as the following bring out the complication with fascinating clearness: "I regard myself as an instrument in the hands of God to do good, and all the credit that he permits me to have must be employed in serving him, in helping everybody I can help, and in bringing all these princes into harmony."

For, under all the duty and all the religion, you feel an

immense and constant contentment in her station and her power over "all these princes" and an almost avid enjoyment of it. Who can blame her? She had begun life in poverty and misery, tossed about from one relative to another, a burden to all, and patronized and pitied by all alike. Now she was at the top. Kings bowed down to her. Rival ladies flattered her. Ministers and generals deferred to her opinion. It seemed at times as if the world could not go on, if she withdrew her consent. She felt the hollowness of it all. She doubted very much if she could save herself in such a whirlwind life, let alone any one else. She often and often wished she were well out of it. Yet if she had been out of it, she would have perished with longing to be back, and she enjoyed it enormously: what woman would not? Or what man either?

II

We shall get somewhat more light on all these complications when we look a little more closely into the general elements of Madame de Maintenon's character, though it may also seem as if the complication increased.

She had a clear, logical, vigorous intellect. There was no very substantial education behind it, nor was she ever an eager reader, though she had a gift of absorbing what she wanted. Her intelligence had its marked limits. She cared nothing for abstract thinking, nothing for history or philosophy, and this limitation impaired the value of her larger influence. But she had magnificent common sense, as Louis well knew when he called her "Votre Solidité." Perhaps the two words that occur most frequently with her are reason, reasonableness, and simplicity. She would have liked to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. And like many people with good minds, she was much less interested in using her intelligence for itself than in training others to use theirs. That is, she was what would be called an educator, and educating was her passion early and late.

If she cared little for the abstract aspects of intellectual life, she cared even less for what may be called the ornaments of it. Art meant nothing to her. To painting she was quite indifferent, to music almost as much so. Ardently as she longed for retirement, she never turned to nature. She wanted a great country place, and she got it, but she wanted the sense of proprietorship, not the charm of out of doors, and in this respect, as in so many others, she is strikingly contrasted with her charming contemporary, Madame de Sévigné. Even literature was unimportant. She had great poets in her circle, notably Racine, who wrote "Esther" and "Athalie" for her protégées to act. But this bred passion and worldliness, and she regretted it. She disposes of the whole business of literary art and mental activity generally in one swift, fierce sentence: "Do not seek what pleases the intelligence: it is nothing but vanity."

With these views, it would not be likely that she would be much tempted by authorship. Nor was she, though she occasionally wrote verses, like almost everybody else in that day. But she did write letters, enormously, and she was proud of her letters, and had reason to be. They have not the charm of Madame de Sévigné, because the writer had not. But all the critics praise them as the perfection of seventeenth century French, and for us they have the value of an extraordinary richness and variety of self-revelation. One not inconsiderable element of this is the singular adaptability to different correspondents. This multiple and complicated spirit, who prided herself on being sincere and unquestionably was so, could write to a saint with all the fine flavor of saintliness, and to a sinner, not indeed with a flavor of sin, but at least with a suggestion that human weakness was not alien to her.

For, though her intelligence may not have been alert in regions of speculation or ornament, it was immensely active, acute, and penetrating in what concerned the daily life that crowded and flowed about her. And, alas, the result of

such long experience of the world was too often disillusion, not to say bitterness. "I see passions of all sorts," she says, "treasons, baseness, limitless ambition; on one side horrible desire, on the other people with rage at heart, who seek only to destroy each other; in sum, a thousand evil devices, and often for objects that are utterly trifling."

Yet it was a principle with her not to allow the bitterness to appear. Gentleness, kindness, above all reticence, were absolutely necessary to success in life, and any cynicism that developed in her heart was not permitted to affect her tongue. But whether, after all, the motive of such reticence was kindness or caution we are left somewhat in doubt, as with so many of the aspects of her spirit.

For she applied the same keen vision to herself that she had ready for others, and she analyzes her own defects with surprising acuteness and merciless severity. Yet it is curious to see how, in this analysis of faults, she manages, as we so often do, deftly to turn faults into virtues. Indeed, it must be admitted that she has a rather flagrant gift of self-commendation. This is partly explained by the never failing teacher's instinct to set an example and to edify. Yet the reiteration of it, even though graceful and tactful, is a little wearying. "God gives me grace never to vex anybody." It may be true, but the compliment would have more savor if it came from some other source.

If she had a vast knowledge of life, there was every reason why she should have, for few persons have seen more of it. And her position was peculiar in that she had seen the darker lining before she was confronted with the glittering outside. Queens are generally flattered and courted from their birth; but she had been kicked and buffeted and pitied before she was adored, and it made her somewhat sceptical about the adoration. She came into contact with all sorts of human beings by hundreds, but there is no sign that she greatly enjoyed it. The diversions that excite ordinary men and women did not appeal to her. She played cards,

and when she was old and solitary a game of trictrac was better than her thoughts, but she detested gambling, did not like to lose her own money or win others', and, in general, amusements were a weariness.

So with conversation. She was an adept at it. She had wit, and variety, and color, and gayety, when she chose. Madame de Sévigné, who lived intimately with her in earlier days, says that her company was "delicious." The most curious story bearing on this point is that of the confessor who, appreciating the brilliancy of her speech, urged her to control it and practice silence for the good of her soul. Her friends could not understand her dumbness and bewailed it, until she explained the cause, adding that it had almost disgusted her with religion for good. But as life went on, she grew more and more mistrustful of the tongue, and she urged her protégées to bridle it, to mortify it, to forget it.

Yet, however she may have disapproved of conversation or any other social agency, there is no doubt that she availed herself of them with exquisite skill to win, to conquer, and to retain admiration and affection. She had sympathy, she had understanding, she had tact, could see what people wanted and needed, and she was ready to efface herself in the effort to give it to them. As to these qualities and her success in the use of them there is abundant and universal testimony, but I do not know that it would be possible to find any keener analysis of this success than her own: "I had an excellent disposition, a kindly heart, in other words I was really what is called a good child, so that everybody loved me and that even the men and maid servants of my aunt, with whom I then lived, were charmed with me, and simply because I thought only of making myself agreeable to them. When I was a little older, I lived in convents: you know how much I was beloved by my mistresses and my companions; I have often told you that they were delighted to have me and always for the same reason: It was because

I did them services, and I thought of nothing but obliging them and doing things for them from morning till night." The statement may be somewhat astonishing, but the fact seems indisputable.

How far her charm came from merely physical attraction it is difficult to say. In the portraits, mostly dating from later life, she seems to us dignified and imposing but somewhat stiff and heavy of feature and of figure, perhaps in part owing to the stiffness of garb. But contemporaries found a beauty of expression which we can hardly divine. As one of them describes it: "At first sight she was imposing and as it were somewhat veiled with severity; but the smile and the voice broke through the cloud."

At any rate, whatever the nature or the analysis of the charm, it is admitted by everyone, even by those, like Saint-Simon and the German Duchess of Orleans, who detested her most.

III

It was the charm that made her queen and kept her queen for thirty years. And it is most curiously interesting to watch, to trace, to divine the gradual steady growth of her position and influence. The influence involved Madame de Montespan first, and it was not qualified by jealousy, so long as the King seemed indifferent or almost averse. But as he discovered the stranger's good qualities and turned to her for comfort and guidance, Madame de Montespan became irritated, and there were furious scenes between the two; yet Madame de Maintenon quietly held her own, and she forestalled any criticism of treachery to her former benefactress by alleging to her confessor, to others in later life, and no doubt sincerely to herself, that she was doing her best to save the King's soul and that of Madame de Montespan also.

When the children outgrew her, she accepted a court position, and always her influence quietly increased. The King turned to her more and more, but she resisted everything

of an illicit nature in the spirit of her own maxim, which irritated Sainte-Beuve so much for its cold-blooded, if profoundly practical wisdom: "There is nothing so clever as not to be in the wrong and to bear oneself irreproachably at all times and with all sorts of people."

With infinite tact Madame de Maintenon made herself as indispensable to the Queen as to the King, for there was an insignificant Queen, though one might never suspect it. The wise lady drew King and Queen together as they had not been for years, and the Queen was duly grateful. Then, by a strange freak of fortune, which could not have been looked for, the Queen was removed from this world. Madame de Maintenon spoke of leaving the Court at once, but she did not, and after a few months of debate and hesitation, Louis offered her his hand and crown, and she became queen in all but the name.

Did she use her power for her own purposes? Apparently with the utmost moderation. She helped her relatives where she could. For herself she asked comparatively little. There was no trace of greed about her, or of grasping for gain any more than for glory.

Did she use her power for the good of France? Her enemies say she was a baneful influence, turning the King to narrow views and measures that were disastrous. Her admirers insist that she did not meddle at all, that the King would not have listened to her and that she did not wish him to. The truth is probably, as usual, between the two views. It seems certain that the bitterest accusation of her enemies, that she urged the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove the best of the Huguenots out of the country, is quite unfounded. But on the other hand, it is impossible not to believe that, she being what she was, and Louis being what he was, and their relation being what it was, her influence was not constant and very great.

It is true that it was subtle and obscure. She took the utmost pains to keep herself in the background, and re-

peated and reiterated that she had no concern with public affairs whatever. This appears so often that many of her apologists insist upon her being taken at her word. But it requires very little knowledge of the world to give such assertions their true value and no more. One of her humble, conventual friends artlessly unveils the secret in a brief sentence: "It never appeared that she had the slightest desire to be declared queen. . . . It was her humble and hidden life that made her power."

For, however delicate the method of management was, or precisely because it was delicate, the management was solid, lasting, and effective. Almost any wife will understand the nature of it. Are there not millions of American wives, apparently considerate and deferential, keeping suavely and deftly within their own province, yet at the same time having their little, dainty fingers on every pulse of their world? So it was with Madame de Maintenon. And King Louis the Fourteenth was just an ordinary husband. He liked his royal, masculine authority. He liked to assert and maintain it. No one should teach him or show him what to do. Yet a quiet word in the right place at the right moment, the light touch of a suggesting hand, would do wonders.

As it is obvious that the lady possessed a wifely and so a queenly power, it is equally obvious that she enjoyed it. She liked to be present at the councils of state, and she usually was, oh, unobtrusively, sitting in a corner with her embroidery, but she was there. She liked to have the ministers and the generals visit her and talk over their plans and get her suggestions and advice. Above all, she liked to have princes and nobles and priests and great ones bow down to her and flatter her, she whom in the old days even little ones had trampled on. And there was the great scene of triumph when that rude old Duchess of Orleans, who hated her, was humbled so completely. The Duchess swept down upon her with abuse and complaint. Madame de Maintenon quietly produced a letter, written home to the

Duchess's relatives in Germany, scolding about everybody, from the King down, and the old woman wept and trembled and apologized, with abject dread. And Madame de Maintenon was magnanimous and gentle and forgiving, with what a wave of triumph in her heart, and how the old woman must have hated her then!

Which was all very well, but there were terrible drawbacks. There was a lot of this hatred and jealousy and spite, which no gentleness or tact could overcome. And the King himself was difficult. He really loved his wife, but he was accustomed to having his own way, and he had little consideration. He taxed her strength and her patience and her good-nature. He had no regard for fatigue or discomfort, when they were not his own. He wanted fresh air, and Madame de Maintenon hated the cold. He wanted attention when she was tired, when she was hungry, when she was ill. The court routine was infinitely complicated and infinitely wearisome. As she puts it in one splendidly effective phrase: "You can't arrange your room as you like, when the King comes to it every day, and you have to perish with symmetry."

So, when the glory of the world palled upon her, she turned more and more to retirement at Saint-Cyr, the group of teachers and pupils who had been absorbing her affection and attention for so many years. At a very early period she had persuaded the King to let her found an educational institution for poor girls of good families, and with time the establishment, moving into ampler quarters, had become an important affair. At first she had wished it to be secular in organization, but as she went on and found how great and troublesome the worldly temptations and surroundings were, she finally succeeded in putting the school on a conventual basis, and as such it continued for many years after her death.

Here, as everywhere, she reveled in management. She advised and suggested and directed, and looked after every

detail with loving, persistent care. Above all, she had the chance to let loose all her educational proclivities. She not only dictated what the girls should study, but what they should read, and what they should wear, and what they should eat, and, as far as possible, what they should think. The minuteness, the constancy of her control is astonishing. And every now and again it comes over me, what did the teachers and the girls really think about it? We have their formal expressions of love and gratitude. Was their inner judgment the same? Did they resent such perpetual dictation? Or were her tact and sympathy sufficient to make her beloved through it all? In any event one sees everywhere the devoted woman, always intent on managing the affairs of those she loves.

IV

And one asks oneself how far she was a woman, in her tastes and habits and interest? For instance, did she care for those household affairs, which, in former days at any rate, were supposed to be a woman's main concern. Apparently she did. When she went to Saint-Cyr, she could go right into the kitchen, put on an apron, and cook. She was a good housewife, careful and orderly in everything. She sums up all these feminine matters with a delicate touch when she describes herself as "moi qui suis très-femmelette."

So with servants. Necessarily she had a large staff of them, and she emphasizes the importance of being mistress and avoiding undue familiarity. But also she is profoundly and broadly human. Servants are men and women and should be treated as such: you must not expect perfection, for it does not exist: "one should use people according to their gifts and consider that none are perfect." Consequently, her servants were quiet, swift, and efficient, as even the hostile Saint-Simon grudgingly concedes. And, if one may believe her own testimony, they were devotedly attached to her.

As to dress, she was a woman also. She was interested

in the little details of it, and writes with minute care about the change of fashion and the choice of stuffs. But for herself she dressed with a severe simplicity, almost to the point of making a parade of it. Here again we have those delightful touches of self-commendation, which are so simple, so earnest, and so revealing: "People were never tired of wondering how a young girl, in the full tide of society, had the courage to keep up so modest a fashion of dressing." And once more Saint-Simon bears her out. Yet the flutter of feminine coquetry creeps and peeps under all the modesty, as in the charming anecdote of the confessor, who complained of her elegance. But, she protested, see how simple my dress is. And he shook his head: "When you go down on your knees, a flood of stuffs falls about you at my feet, and it is all so graceful that somehow it strikes me as too attractive." Still and always the woman's mystery and mastery of sex!

As to money she is the same thrifty, careful housewife that she is in other matters. Her large establishment required a fairly abundant supply, and she always had it. But she did not spend on herself, did not care to, and she was true to her own saying, "The longer I live, the more I grow in the opinion that it is useless to pile up wealth." What she most wanted money for was to give away. She had been poor herself, she knew what poverty was, and so far as she had means, she meant to get rid of all the suffering she could. Yet even here she did not propose to be duped, and the calm, clear judgment was always at work. She would help only those who were worth helping, and she took pains to find out who the worthy were: "I am determined to aid those who aid themselves, and to let the good-for-nothing suffer."

As to her human relations, her affections, her friendships, the question is more complicated. She herself insists that she was profoundly affectionate and deeply and permanently loyal. She had a sensitive, loving heart, and craved response

from others. In a sense she appears to have got it; yet, once more, I would give a good deal to know what her friends really thought of her in this connection. There is no doubt about her enemies, and Saint-Simon makes it one of his most severe charges against her that she was quite unreliable, would adore you today and forget you tomorrow. No doubt he exaggerates. Yet she did get rid of those whom she had loved, in a rather unfortunate fashion. Her conduct to Madame de Montespan is hard to forgive. Madame de Brinon, the head of Saint-Cyr, she caressed and flattered, and then turned her out, no doubt for good reasons; but still—. Fénelon she worshiped, and abandoned, and the Cardinal de Noailles in the same way. It is a curious thing that she managed to keep friendly relations with them all, but the break was there. Perhaps there is much human truth in Sainte-Beuve's remark that she "busied herself with people without loving them."

What she really and undeniably did love was children. Of course she liked to care for them and educate them, with her pedagogic disposition. But there was more to it than that. She clung to them and they to her, with a real tenderness that peeps out everywhere. How moving is her plaint about one of her royal charges, the Duke of Maine: "Nothing can be more foolish than to pour out this excess of love on a child who is not my own." One sees in a flash what it would have meant to her to have had a real husband and a flock of children. Perhaps she would have found it better than a court and a king.

If she had no children of her own, she had relatives, and she gave them almost as much care and attention as if they were her children. She watched over the nephews and nieces and cousins, advised them, provided for them, and was so interested in their spiritual welfare that she even kidnapped a niece to make sure of getting her into the true church. But the most profitable element of Madame de Maintenon's family affection for us is the long series of letters to her

brother, d'Aubigné. He was a wild fellow, like his father, and his sister had a hard struggle to keep him upright in the world. She got positions for him, she got money for him, and above all, after much nice financial calculation, she got a wealthy wife for him. And then she added the most intimate domestic counsel, after a fashion which seems somewhat odd when she herself admits that she had never been really married.

For what interests us most in this varied and complicated tangle of affections is the question of Madame de Maintenon's attitude towards the supreme affection, that of sex. Apparently it meant little to her. She herself tells us that "thanks to the goodness of God, I have no passions, that is to say, I love no one to the point of being willing to do anything that God would not approve." And one of the ladies from whom she tried to wean the King remarked to her indignantly: "Madame, you talk of changing a passion as you would talk of changing a shirt."

It is true that her enemies piled up scandal about the gay years in the Scarron circle. Madame de Maintenon was an intimate friend of Ninon de Lenclos, the great lover of the time, and the association was dubious, to say the least. Yet it seems highly probable that a strong foundation of religious principle, powerfully aided by a cold temperament and especially a determination to keep credit with the world, sustained her virtue all through. As Jules Lemaitre says, it is somewhat hard to believe that she came to King Louis at fifty quite intact, and one always remembers the remark of the witty lady, whose husband was loudly proclaiming Madame de Maintenon's innocence, "My dear sir, how do you manage to be so sure of these things?" Yet her character and her history in general inspire a reasonable amount of confidence.

At any rate, from her vast contact with life she had extracted a disgust for marriage and a horror of men. She cannot warn her pupils often enough against those schem-

ing creatures who make it their first object to caress and to betray. And of marriage the best she finds to say is, that it is "a state that causes the misery of three quarters of the human race."

Which immediately makes one curious about her relation to her own royal husband. As to his feeling there can be no question. By some magic that we can hardly understand he adored her for the whole thirty years and came to depend upon her more and more. There is a touching veracity and force in her own account of his dying words and her comment on them: "He himself said to me when he was dying: 'I have not made you happy,' at the same time assuring me that I was all he regretted and that he had loved me always. . . . It is true that he loved me, and more than he loved any one else; but he loved me only so much as he was capable of loving; for men, when passion does not carry them away, are not very tender in their affection." And the further account of that death-scene reveals with a wonderful delicacy and clarity some of the intertwining strands of feeling in both of them, as there is nothing for revelation like these great crises of life. When the end drew near, the King began to mourn because she was not sufficiently provided for. "What will become of you?" he said. And she answered passionately: "What is all that now? Your own future is the only thing that counts." Then, with the sober second thought so characteristic of her, she murmured that perhaps he might say a word to the Duke of Orleans, who would be regent, to see that she was properly looked after.

And this suggests the much more subtle and difficult question of her feeling for him. It can hardly be maintained that she was passionately fond of him. A sort of maternal tenderness, a long regard she had. And further, there was that old puzzle, which none of us can ever quite solve, the relation of affection and need. Her power, her fortune, her happiness, so far as she had any, her life, depended on his: how was she to tell what was need and what

was love? How are any of us to tell? When he was taken from her, her world went to pieces. After this, her old age in the solitude of Saint-Cyr was total eclipse. She bore it all with courage, with patience, with a sort of dreary serenity of grief, finding her greatest comfort in doing good to those about her, so far as she could. But the King, and the husband, and the glory, and the power, were all gone together, and it would have taken a shrewder wit than even hers to distinguish one from the others.

V

It was fortunate that through this arid waste of desolation she had God to comfort her, as she always had. In her Protestant youth she had established a personal relation with the Deity, and she maintained it through all her change of creed, reading the Bible, especially the New Testament, especially Saint Paul, more perhaps than is usual with Catholics. Through all the misery and gayety of her earlier years, through the vicissitudes of her middle life, through the wit of Scarron and the wiles of Montespan and the worldly wisdom of King Louis, she thought of God, she talked God, and as was her nature, she preached God to others.

Her enemies called it hypocrisy, but there is no doubt whatever that she was absolutely sincere. She herself insists, probably with justice, that she had a simple, direct, frank nature, to which dissimulation was abhorrent. The hard ways of the world, of which she had traveled so many, forced her at times to deceive others for their good. But she hated it, and would have preferred to say right out what she thought about everything. When she spoke of God, she meant what she said. Rarely has anything finer been written about sincerity than her simple words: "Frankness does not consist in saying a great deal, but in saying everything, and this everything is soon said when one is sincere, because there is no need of a great flourish and because one does not need many words to open the heart."

But if her religion was genuine, it was also perfectly practical, redolent of the common sense which characterized her in all things, and extremely shy of the fantastic or extreme. In this connection it is most interesting to study her dealings with the great Fénelon. At first his earnestness, his purity, his elevation, charmed her. She thought of making him her spiritual director. But when he became involved with Madame Guyon and mysticism and Quietism, when she saw that these notions were working havoc in her flock at Saint-Cyr and that the King distinctly disapproved, she shifted at once. Firm earth was good enough for her. She left these airy regions to others, and Fénelon and Madame Guyon were laid aside. So with the Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal, de Noailles. For a long time she turned to him for everything, but when he clung to the heresies of Jansenism, against the decrees of the Church and the wishes of the King, she abandoned him with regret, but with swift and sharp decision.

For an unfailing reasonableness governed her spiritual concerns as well as her worldly. The ways of rapture, of high-wrought, supra-mundane forgetfulness, were not for her. Her religion had at all times a bread and butter flavor, and what interested her supremely was to save herself, to save others, especially the King, to save everybody.

In short, her instinct for managing the world was just as marked in religion as in everything, indeed even more marked. There may be some question as to how much she interfered in the politics of this world: they did not interest her. There can be no doubt whatever as to the part she took in the politics of another. She had Fénelon made Bishop of Cambrai—and regretted it. She had Noailles made Archbishop of Paris—and regretted it. But such things did not discourage her, and she advised the King, in her quiet, thoughtful, cautious way, as long as he lived. If it seemed to her that too many bishops were hanging about the Court, instead of attending to their dioceses, she said a word in the royal ear—and there was a speedy exodus of bishops.

If she enjoyed general religious politics, she enjoyed even more the detail of religious management with individuals. To look over the vast mass of letters that she wrote to her various teachers and pupils gives an extraordinary sense of intimate personal direction, much as one gets it from the correspondence of Fénelon or Saint Francis. She guides the spiritual as well as the temporal affairs of all these girls, whom she evidently loves, with a closeness of intimate personal touch that is almost incomprehensible in a woman who was so desperately entangled in all the bustle of the great world. She chides, she cheers, she warns, she encourages, she instructs, with tireless patience and a flow of words that seems absolutely inexhaustible. And the tone is so sincere and so affectionate that it does not weary. Yet, as always, one does wonder how her correspondents took it. Were they responsive and grateful? Or did they occasionally rebel against the long sermonizing of a tedious old woman? If they did, they had to keep it to themselves, and we shall never know.

At least it must be remembered that she managed herself with the same discretion, the same reasonableness that she applied to others. Yet perhaps it is on this very account that she attracts us so little. For the lack of attraction is undeniable. We admit her virtue, we admire her achievements, we recognize the charm that she must have had. Only somehow the charm has evaporated with the passage of years. And always one compares her with Madame de Sévigné, so fresh, so spontaneous, so human, so budding and gurgling with constant gayety and instinctive joy. After three hundred years you can read Madame de Sévigné's letters and fall in love with her. But no matter how much you read Madame de Maintenon, no man, not even a king, could fall in love with her now. Yet a king did once, and she had the world at her feet, and found it vanity, which perhaps is just the reason why she gets our respect and not our love.

POETRY

ON A SINGING GIRL

Remembering Elinor Wylie

WHAT hand has hushed
The singing throat
And latched the lips
Forever to the note

Of song? Was it
The wind that came
Her way and turned
To frost the spirit's proud poised flame?

The fragile flesh,
The blood, and bone
Are given to dust
And oblivion. . . .

Curve tenderly,
O Death, your long
Lean hands to hold
The broken bird, the shattered song.

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

LOVE SONG

KNOWING I cannot fetter flood
Or flame; or hold away from bud

And bloom the frost's white war, his trace
Of pale destruction; knowing to place

In leash the wind's swift silver hounds
Requires more power than abounds

Within these hands, or ever to grasp
A bird's sudden shadow in their clasp . . .

Then why do I try, being powerless,
To bind in song your loveliness?

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

SNOWSCENE

THERE were soft sounds,
The pineboughs sloughing their snow-sheathes,
Snow sloping to snow on the skirt of the forest;
No one to see it, the quiet drama,
Winter's afterthought, following the blizzard.

The patter of gulls' feet on the ice
Was another sound.

These were all, for the world,
Folded, furled, closebound,
Slept on, in the spell of the wizard,
Breathing as a mother breathes,
Feeding her child.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE WAGGONER

AT FOGGY dawn when all the ghostly lamps
Were ringed with yellow films, the waggoner went
And breathed from open roads a large content
And drank deep solace from the frosty damps;

And whistled with the perilous joy to feel
The grip of reins that hold a studded horse
From slipping on his darkling frosty course
When the road rattles like a plate of steel.

For he had known the rapid lunge, the thud
Of snapped-off shafts, the panting quivering mass
Of horse-flesh tumbled on a road of glass,
And eyes whirled dizzy in a haze of blood.

And though at breathless moments, tense within,
He watched, most wary of his turns and pulls,
As though the studs were crunching human skulls,
His whistling rose above the clicking din.

Nor did he curse the ironies of joys—
How one man's rapture is another's pain,
Nor how one's fortune is another's bane,
Nor how the ecstasies of sliding boys,

With all the roses reddening in their cheeks,
Who pray for ice and ringing skates require
And frozen sedge-pools ringed with orange fire—
Mean well to him more danger than he seeks.

But red and cheerful, as a robin pecks
The hollow straws that ridge a frozen road,
He ate his chilly meal upon the load,
Made one with stoic Nature, while the wrecks

Of what was dawn were blown about the meres:
The lights of ruined rose and flying gold
Dispetalled from celestial gardens cold,
And cloud-fleece flying as from windy shears.

So on, till gray and darkling afternoon,
When the sun dips, a glowering disc of red,
And snow comes down; and waggon-lamps ahead
Flood light in many a moving gold lagoon,

Below the strangeness of a muffled moon;
And battling shadows of dogged man and beast,
Still climbing uphill for the inns of rest
Stagger and toss like visions in a swoon;

Or dripping thaws make all the roads a-churn.
Sodden the reins along the horse a-steam
Lie cold as sea-weed, till the home-lights gleam
On seas of mud and eyes too tired to yearn. . . .

In dark he rose, and ends in dark, yet he
Knows not with what nobility he dwells,
How Night loves uphill fighters, how she swells
His shadow to her own sublimity,

Nor how for us, grown faint in our desire,
His grim persistence lights our hearts with hope,
Like his far rear-light flowerwise on the slope
Spilling a crimson beauty on the mire.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

RECESSIONAL FOR A COW DRIVER

THE goad of Goshen, in his muddy boots,
Rides in a varnished box to meet his Maker,
Secure of his eternal, narrow acre,
Sure of his cabin under the tangled roots;
Hickory bludgeon and the handy rock
Lie still, for all of him, and there is left
Only the bottle in the pear-tree cleft,
The jackknife tally on the rifle stock.

Now on the trodden hills his wandering cry,
Blaspheming all strayed heifers in a word,
Knits with the hoof-beat; and his fugitive face
Troubles the road, when hidden winds go by
Prodding the slow dust in a tawny herd
Like ragged cattle toward the market place.

FRANCIS CLAIBORNE MASON

FOR THIS

HERE is the world too beautiful! The brake
Beneath a spirit breath stirs delicately:
The waters hold the quiet of the sky
And nothing is, saving for beauty's sake!
For this men toil; for this they sweat and ache;
For this did Buddha live and Jesus die—
That on an April night the moon may lie
Tenderly on the bosom of a lake!

I must take flight from beauty: I must blur
My eyes with city dust, for here my will
Falters, aware that, whether late or soon
I cease to strive, yet still the fern will stir
To ghostly breathing, and the waters still
Will lie as lovely underneath the moon.

MARY SINTON LEITCH

NEW ORLEANS PORTRAITS

By KATHARINE ANTHONY

I. Madame Livaudais

MADAME Louise Livaudais always wore black. Her soft gray hair was parted in two waves and drawn back under an old-fashioned toque. Her large dark eyes had the look of a child. With wondering gaze she surveyed the new world. She herself belonged to the past.

Madame had been born Castellanos. She had Villere blood in her veins. She had married at fifteen Pierre Livaudais and had lived in the street of St. Ann. A spacious apartment in the fine old Pontalba had received the young pair. There, in a setting of heirlooms, she had spent her short married life. There her two children were born. Her canary bird hung at the window. He also was called Pierre. When Louise spoke to him softly in French, he caroled and trilled with delight.

Then Livaudais died. Many years passed away and his widow still clung to mourning. There was always some fresh cause for grief. She had few blood relatives left. With the death of her brother, Fernand Castellanos, the male line came to an end. Madame held the key to the St. Louis vault.

Her daughters had not married Creoles. Elvire, the eldest, had wedded at sixteen a young man named Potter. He was in the turpentine business. His mother had been a Cajun but Edward did not look or act French. He spoke a kind of patois which his wife called execrable. She declared it far worse for the children than no French at

all. Elvire talked with her hands and a deep alto voice. She loved her husband and tried to obey him.

Her sister Jeanne had never obeyed anyone. Jeanne Livaudais was a beauty. Her grandmother's portrait, which hung in the Cabildo, might have been painted from young Jeanne herself. The young Creole belle had the same jet-black hair and large gypsy eyes. The jewels she wore had been handed down to her granddaughter Jeanne. Elvire had not cared for them. She dressed soberly but Jeanne painted and powdered and sparkled and glittered. She was her stately grandmother done over in jazz.

She had not married as young as her sister. She had numerous beaux but few offers of marriage. When at last Carl Markham proposed, she said, Yes. Even to herself she did not admit the relief that she felt. Carl came from Kentucky. She pronounced his name Caul.

Madame Livaudais lived with the Markhams. She moved like a shadow in the household background. The children adored her. She spoke French to them and they answered "ma mère." Otherwise they spoke only English. Ma mère never scolded; their mother often did. Jeanne's temper was brittle. She not only scolded the children and servants but swore at them roundly when she was displeased. The little ones scampered before her and the servants left without notice. Madame regarded with calm these outbursts of her daughter. Jeanne had embraced the new world; all the rest followed. "Nobody is nice any more; nobody," was all that she said.

Carl was madly in love when he married Jeanne. There was no place in his thoughts for future events. He was incompetent to think at all. When his first child was born, he awoke with a shock. His son was a papist. Jeanne could not conceive of her children as anything else. Carl could not conceive of it either. He himself came of Presbyterian stock. He had been baptized but did not go to church. Like many American husbands he held that re-

ligion was the business of women. His wife, who had been christened and confirmed in the St. Louis church, thought the same. She and Carl never argued the question, though they argued about everything else.

The images over the beds of the children sometimes filled Carl with horror. It did not disturb him when Jeanne and her mother told their beads and touched the cross with their lips. He thought Jeanne's religion a joke. He teased her about the sandalwood earrings she had made from a rosary which had not been blessed. But sometimes when he saw his innocent babes sleeping under a brass crucifix it made his flesh creep. Once he dreamed of little Lucie in hell.

When the war came, Carl was among the first to respond. Jeanne wished him to fight for the French and Carl was glad to escape from the grind. Stationed in East Tennessee, he renewed his youth. The sight of the blue grass brought a thousand old memories back. He longed to live there again. By the time the war ended, the longing had become an intention. He settled in Chattanooga and brought his family up from New Orleans. A vague hope inspired him. Perhaps little Lucie might grow up there to be less Creole and Catholic.

It was a terrible wrench for Madame Livaudais. The stately mahogany from the Pontalba had to be sold. They were going to a house with small rooms. A canopied bed, a carved armoire, and two Boule cabinets went for a song. Chairs on which Lafayette had sat were sold for six bits. With what remained, the Markhams moved north.

With them went Madame Livaudais, unprotesting. Jeanne had embraced the new world. This was the outcome. With an effort she learned to pronounce Chattanooga so that the children would not laugh at her. For the first time in her life, she saw the snow fall. With Pierre, the canary, and little Lucie she stood at the window and watched the soft flakes drift slowly down to the earth where they melted and vanished. She drew her black

shawl more closely around her and shivered. *"Mais non.* I am frizzing," she said.

She took care of the children while Jeanne Markham went out. Jeanne flitted from luncheon to luncheon, from card game to card game. She was lively and much in demand. She came home afterwards and reviled the food. "This awful white sauce," she said with a wave of the hands. "Or is it white gravy? It has no flavor at all. With it they spoil everything. *Maman,* they can't cook." She complained of the stores. The bay leaf was rare; filee powder, unknown. How was she to cook? She sent to New Orleans for red beans and a coffee pot. Carl found himself bringing his household supplies from the South.

Lucie went to the new public school. Carl took her there in the morning and watched her as she entered the square brick and stone building beneath the American flag. In the evening he asked her what she had learned during the day. The teacher was stern and Lucie was weak in her lessons. When she grew angry, the child burst into tears. That was the end of all effort for Lucie. Carl wrestled with her in the evening but the child seemed dedicated to failure. Easy or hard, her lessons baffled her equally. Carl pleaded and Jeanne stormed. Nothing availed. The end of the term was approaching and promotions were near at hand. Lucie was in despair.

One morning as Carl and the child walked hand in hand to the school, Lucie said, "Ma mère sent a candle down to St. Rita that she may help me to pass." "Why not the Virgin?" said Carl brusquely. "She at least lives in this town." "But St. Rita is advocate of the hopeless," said Lucie. "All right," said Carl, "we will see." Mid-year came with promotions. Lucie was left back. Her father was torn between disappointment and triumph.

The cold wave came. This time it snowed in earnest. Great icicles hung on the eaves and the windows were covered with frost. With the thaw came the flu. Sickness

spread over the town and laid whole families low. The doctors had no time to sleep and there was a dearth of trained nurses. One after the other, the Markham children all went to bed; then Jeanne succumbed. She had scarcely begun to improve when Madame Livaudais sickened. The doctor came and said double pneumonia.

A month passed, two months. Madame still dragged around. She took the bitter tonic the doctor prescribed but grew no better. Still she coughed and raised a slight temperature. The doctor at last said to Carl, "Better send the old lady back to New Orleans. Perhaps she's homesick for the town."

The Markhams packed up and went south again. They took a raised cottage up-town. With a few pieces of San Domingo mahogany and the rest from a Canal Street department store, they furnished their new stucco home. Lucie went to the convent on week days and took the toe dancing lessons on Saturdays. Carl devoted himself to his business. He went to his office seven days in the week.

Madame Livaudais resumed her custody of the family vault. Growing old and forgetful, she leaned ever more heavily on her son-in-law. She gave him the keys of the St. Louis vault and Carl kept them in a drawer at his office. Sometimes he wondered vaguely where he would eventually be buried. He thought he would like to lie under the blue grass. But he was too busy to make provision for that.

II. The Misses Rantoul

Virginia Rantoul and her sisters were known as the Misses Rantoul. In early youth they may have been called the Rantoul girls but they soon outgrew this informal title. Virginia distinguished herself early in life by literary works of a serious cast; Ada developed executive talents; and Cammie, who was an instinctive home body, settled down to a domestic routine. They were charming old ladies who had never been young.

They lived in an old house in Prytania Street. It had once been surrounded by a sugar plantation. The broad arpents of the first Thomas Rantoul had been reduced to sizable acres. In the rear of the house the old servants' quarters remained. The long balconies and many locked doors gave evidence of a once numerous black retinue. Along those balconies the ancestors of Antoine and Delphine had passed sleepy-eyed to drip the morning coffee and rub down the doctor's horses. The Rantouls had been physicians and planters.

The Misses Rantoul were like a reigning family. Virginia Rantoul was like a queen. All three of the sisters had hair as white as Madame Pompadour's and jewels almost as magnificent. Their gowns, like those of true royalty, were made without regard for the mode. They spoke French as Marie Stuart must have spoken it. Their voices, old as they were, sounded musical.

The drawing-room of the Misses Rantoul was a remnant of the eighteenth century. The chandeliers were poems in glass and the floor was a poem in wood. A Pleyel piano and chairs of rose brocade and gold-leaf were reflected in gilt-bordered mirrors above mantels of massive carved marble. A soft coal fire blazed in the small grate beneath.

The Misses Rantoul seldom went out. Twice a week, they had visitors. On Sunday afternoons they held a *petit salon* and on Thursday afternoons they received in full state. Of the two occasions, the first was more formal. There strangers of note, especially those of literary pretensions, were presented as if at a court. Miss Virginia Rantoul, who wrote biographies, sat on her sofa and discussed literature with her guests. She wore a black cloth dress and no jewelry. Like Clio, she sometimes had ink-stains on her fingers. But she was most queenly at the *petit salon,* most completely her father's own daughter. Young ladies instinctively backed out of her presence.

On Thursdays Miss Virginia unbent. In black silk and lace and her grandmother's pearls, she talked of trifles and flattered her guests. On Thursdays Miss Ada came to the front. She talked of her committees and plans, played mild politics. Had she been forty years younger she might have gone into business. At no age would Miss Cammie have done so. She spent her happiest hours in the kitchen, cutting out sugar cookies in the shape of hearts, spades, and diamonds. On the maid's day out, Miss Cammie opened the door.

The years went by. The war came and with it prohibition. The impossible had happened in New Orleans. It was as if Cromwell had taken Paris. How would Frenchtown survive the invasion? What would the Vieux Carré be without wine or liqueur? A rebellion at least was expected.

Nothing happened. The city submitted. It was not the first time a cold wave of reform had blown out of the north. The old lottery had been successfully outlawed though even the cooks of New Orleans had gambled. The old Metairie races had vanished with all their glory. The city which Jefferson bought and Jackson defended was being slowly Americanized. The reign of Louis XIV was drawing at last to an end.

Just then the old city revived. Drawing new life from some mysterious source, it began sweetly to bloom. The French quarter, forsaken by the younger Creoles, put forth green shoots like Tannhäuser's rod. Old houses, neglected for years, were restored for gift shops and tea rooms. Old gardens were replanted and cherished and forgotten courtyards were redeemed. New Orleans had discovered its past.

It discovered as well the Misses Rantoul. They were like a rare old engraving suddenly gifted with life. Virginia was well in the front of the picture. Her sisters made atmosphere for her; her house made background. As the

old city burst into its second blooming, Miss Virginia experienced a renaissance. She was ardently fêted. Her coterie crowned her and publicly honored its literary queen.

Miss Rantoul, who had never been wooed in her youth, found it sweet to be courted. She flowered delicately. The blue-stocking was transformed into a belle. Like the red camellia which blossoms in winter, she smiled graciously beneath her snow-crown.

III. The Feast of Lucullus

Mrs. Meriweather was a widow. Her husband had imported coffee and Lucita had lived comfortably on the proceeds. Then suddenly her husband died. Lucita was stunned. In her big house with its broad cellar and cavernous attic, she woke up and found herself lonely. She decided to go into business.

Pretty and well educated, she would have graced a gift shop, a tea room, or a Royal Street bookstore. But Lucita tried none of these. Like her husband, she became a dealer in coffee. Unlike him, she speculated. Meriweather had been successful but his widow contrived to be prosperous. She multiplied many times her deceased husband's profits. Lucita grew quietly rich.

Her life gave no sign of her occupation. She had no business address and kept no office hours. She took her morning coffee in bed and lived otherwise like a lady. Her dress had always been dainty, her manners quiet and simple. Her new life did not change her. It was hard to think of her as a woman of business at all. Yet her income increased every day. People watched for the official report and gasped over the published amount.

They asked each other what she would do with her fortune. Some solemnly wondered if it would last. Her father had speculated and had died poor. Lucita might yet end in bankruptcy. In the meantime, it was apparent that she did not waste. The charge of extravagance could not

be laid at her door. She lived, as always, in ease and comfort, without luxury.

Every year, after Mardi Gras, Lucita made an exception. At the old Louisiane, she gave a grand banquet. Monsieur Antoine, with his diploma from Paris, was called on to produce the last proof of his skill. When Lucita gave her annual feast, he vindicated anew his title as artist. Hostess and chef divided the honors. He planned and prepared the banquet himself.

The guests at the feast were seldom the same. Lucita preferred to surround her table with strangers. Visitors, travellers, sojourners, so numerous in New Orleans at the Mardi Gras season, formed most of the company. They went away from the city and never saw their hostess again. Lucita paid no social debt with her extravagant spread and could expect from these birds of passage no social return. Her hospitality was lordly and free.

The dishes for which Antoine was famous permitted but little change. He allowed himself one innovation at most. The rest were *chef-d'oeuvres,* which the guests knew by name and fame. As the courses appeared on the table, they were anxiously scanned for the artful touches and eagerly tasted for the *recherché* flavors which they were reputed to have.

Crawfish bisque headed the menu. The Prince of Tauris once sent a messenger one thousand miles for a soup not more delicious and scarcely as fantastical. Between the great heaps of live crawfish in the French Market and the brown-and-red bisque at the Louisiane lay many hours of patient skilled labor. Delectable fruit of the bayou, the banquet had hardly begun and it was already gone. The pompano trod on its heels. Served in a paper bag which had survived a half hour in the oven, it had lost none of its original flavor. The sauce added a *soupçon* of garlic, a *soupçon* of bay, and the rest only Antoine could tell. Only he too could reveal the secret of the little fried basket, so

cunningly woven of shoe-string potatoes. Do we eat the basket? Heavens, no. There are still other courses to come.

At last the dessert. What strange invention is that? A long pudding mound on which appears in graceful white script the names of the guests of honor. The company loudly applauds. The head waiter seizes a great carving knife and goes swiftly to work. Is it a sweet after all? The first taste proves that it is. A delicious golden *soufflée,* delicately browned in the oven, caresses the now *blasé* palates. A second spoonful turns to solid ice and slowly melts on the tongue. Antoine is indeed a magician. He has baked the ice cream.

The hostess distributes her favors: tiny scarf pins of gold for the men; for the women, slender bracelets of silver. At a touch from Lucita the flower design on the table breaks up into corsage bouquets and prim *boutonnières.* The end of the banquet has come.

Not yet. One more touch of extravagance before the feast of Lucullus ends. A girl with a willow basket appears at Lucita's elbow. She carries not flowers but perfumes. From her basket each guest may select the odor he finds most delightful. They were all made in a Dauphine Street shop from flowers of Louisiana. The perfume girl is skilled in the delicate art of assisting the chooser.

Passing the bottle close to the nostrils, she murmurs the name of the scent. Magnolia; sweet violets; jasmine. Impatient natures do not go any further. Magnolia is the popular choice. The adventurous try each bottle in turn. White rose, azura, and lemon verbena find preference among the men. Orange blossoms and *peau d' espagne,* made of twenty-six flowers, acquire a slight lead with the women. The connoisseurs still hesitate between vetivert, derived from a root raised in Louisiana, and kus kus, the union of eighty-five blossoms. Lucita takes vetivert.

THE THREE-RING FARM

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE life I led when I was a boy was a three-ring circus. To begin with, geography was propitious. A farm to most people means a house and barn, a meadow or two, a brook and woods, if you are lucky, a garden, rides on a haycart, wood to saw and water to carry. But my lucky stars planted me on a farm that had, over and above these, the sea and its fish and fogs, its tendernesses and savageries, an island, untouched forests, cliffs to climb, ruined cellars to explore, boats and bridges, books, a peculiarly zestful set of brothers and sisters, and several philosophers. Maine, the state that offers everything but a desert, had done awfully well by me. She gave me her whole assortment of geography in one parcel.

I did myself awfully well in a father, too. The stork laid me down on the hearth of a man who was an artist in several professions and an adventurer plenipotentiary. The farm of my boyhood was just one of many evergreened plots on the sea that he had opened up to civilization and sown the laughter of seeds and children upon. My father yearned to stock an island empery. He made a fair start; there was an even ten of us, boys nicely balancing girls. Next to children, he loved boats; he had almost as many of them as he had children; they ranged from a sloop down through skiffs and up to the scow in which his driving horses rode home from the mainland. Though he was an explorer and a pioneer, he was a distinctly Elizabethan sort of one. He never travelled so far or dug himself so deeply into the woods as to get out of the reach of great books or great thoughts. He had his library and his gestures of gentility along with

him. His pockets, turned out by his Maker when his day was done, were a boy's pockets and full of all kinds of shining things: songs for the guitar by a winter hearth, stories like those of Chaucer, jovial words, keen appetites, kindliness, wonder, and a heart that never dropped its leaves. There may have been finer fathers; but I have yet to run across one in the several literatures I read.

I did well in my mother also. Here was gentleness that was a perfect supplement to my father's vigor. Cross words were as rare as hens' teeth in her vocabulary, and there were the ten bundles of variegated devilments of us! I can never think of her without seeing morning-glories and smelling sweetpeas. She was mistress of all the arts of living from love to good cooking and dressmaking. The stockings she must have darned! and the babies she must have covered up in the night and pulled through croup with no doctor within miles and only the owls for neighbors! She taught us all to read; and she taught us also that charity and mercy and friendliness are a little higher than the stars.

In brothers and sisters I was fortunate, too. One could draw pictures, one could shoot, one could make dolls come alive, one could build playhouses, one could deck a Christmas tree, one could fish, one could smile, one could creep, and one could be like a pair of wings the best of any brothers or sisters in the world. They were peculiar in this, that each, from him with his first dawn of a moustache to her of the first bib, took life like a sunrise in the dew. The mischief we got into! Yet some of it verged on the sort tall Daniel Boone was master at or Sir Walter Raleigh; some of it rose almost to poetry; some of it was Leonardo da Vinci's kind.

When it comes to pets, the cousins all children ought to grow up with, I swear I was born with a whole set of silver spoons in my mouth. There was General Joshua L. Chamberlain, a goose named after my father's best friend, the hero of Little Round Top; he got the name through a

subtle compromise on my mother's part. My father, having a new son toward, vowed he would bestow on him the name of his friend; but mother shunted the name off on one that could better bear up under it. She had seen one son named for a President with a not too comely name, though Biblical. Joshua lived with us completely, even after his voice had changed. He was forever being driven out of the kitchen. I can see his surprise still that day he decided to bathe in the cat's saucer of milk and the hurt look he wore after the dish was lost beneath him.

There were pigs and calves galore. My brother will carry the mark of one of the latter to the grave, for he tied its tether to his bare leg once when he was chaperoning it supperwards. One of the tragedies in my own life was the young crow I had gotten almost to talk. I foolishly went off to town and left his menu to another hand. The pint of corn the bird might have survived; but the pint of water he was given on top of it proved fatal. We even had a pet eagle with a broken wing that came to the name of Theodore Roosevelt and that sat behind us as we fished and waited with hopeful, amber eyes to tear the flounders from the hooks as they came in. But the best pet of all was Snoozer, a dog one part hound, one part pug, one part terrier, but the best part yellow. He would bury himself and us when once he had a hole to dig out; he could pivot as he sank his shaft and so manage to pepper us all. He could bite off oak roots the size of your arm and never count the cost. No woodchuck hole was too deep for him, no ramble too long for his inquisitive snout. Twice a month he had to be interred to his nose; but he could never be taught to pass a skunk by on the other side. He submitted to any indignity to be one of us, even suffering a harness and bit to pull our boy-size haycart. His color was not skin deep; he was pure and yellow gold clean to his heart. Half the light went out of day when Snoozer passed on to hunt the starry, endless woodchucks on the Western Isles.

We had several philosophers-at-large to give us our wisdom. Ben Sudbury knew all the laws of the weather, saw the hands of God in the mackerel sky, and scaled a two-hundred-foot pine to set the gilded arrow there to be the thing to lift up the eyes to all through boyhood—and hearts, too, for I never could see the vane without feeling somehow that the world was a large and good place. Ben's weather lore, though, did not keep him from melancholy; he passed out of our ken after insanity smote him as he was driving home our pigs, and he used the pitchfork on them. Then there was Cap'n Pye, who had his ships as his ancestors had had theirs before him. But his ships were the kind that sailed inside his head; they would not let him sleep of nights; they poked sly bowsprits through his room. He taught us the lore of pirates and of digging for treasure on the full of the moon.

There was an uncle, too, in the offing, and he knew a number of the seas and had handled big sailing boats and had a walrus's moustache; but he was only in knee pants in his heart and could rig up ships in narrow-necked bottles and carve surprising baskets out of peach stones. He schooled us in the catalogue of all the ships—brig, bark, and brigantine, of all the masts—jury, main, and mizzen, of all the sails—top-gallant, topsail, mainsail. He drilled us in boxing the compass. He was a walking academy of navigation, and his pocket was Aladdin's cave. For all his gray hairs, this uncle had no more grown up than Uncle Toby. He had the same blue-eyed innocence of a small boy where women were concerned. He had a wife; but she was a creature on another planet from his and harder to understand than a great ship with all her spars and tackle. He let women alone. Our vocabulary was the richer for this boy grown tall. Some of the similes we got from him took our parents by surprise. "Red as a spanked baby's bottom,"—that is one of them that got my own skin a reddening. There was Hen Purinton, who let us into the best schoolroom for teaching one manhood the world has ever known,

a boat-shop, where he built the skiffs for our small fishing and the sloops for the taller fishermen of Grand Manan. Nor were all our philosophers in trousers. We had an aunt who put a good deal of granite into our souls. She descended upon us periodically and put such table manners into us, and such of the twelve moral virtues that Puritan New England still cherishes, that it took us weeks after her going to get back to normal again. I read the Bible through, *begat* chapters and all, five times for her; and I have her to thank that an old book which has meant more to our civilization than any ten others is a part of my being.

This brings me to the books we had. My father had started his library with a Virgil interlinear he brought home from Fairfax College, Virginia, where he had lain on a hard army bed in the hurly-burly of the Civil War. I followed in his footsteps by picking up my first Latin from that. I read his "Arabian Nights," too, the forbidden unexpurgated edition, having gotten the key to the restricted bookcase by stealth, all through the trance of a sun-drenched summer while I sat alone up in the pasture to keep a bull of ours from pushing over the garden fence and trampling the kidney beans. That bull never harmed children; he was a sucking dove to them; but he was the Old Boy himself in the smell of onions and brimstone at winning the adulation of his Holstein harem by walking off with all the farm's barbed-wire fences on his neck, if there were no one to keep an eye on him. Before I was half through the thousand and one nights, I half expected that harmless bull to sprout brass wings and fly off with the cows turned into jinns, or the boulder stones at my feet to turn into blinding diamonds. The thunderclouds in the west built themselves up into domes of alabaster and lapis lazuli and chrysoprase, and I think I should not have blinked a lash if a prince in a turban had suddenly ridden out of them on a steed of jet. My mother put down my devotion to the kidney beans to the bound numbers of the Youth's Companion I took up

with me. But she little dreamed what sort of filler those innocent papers served to cover! I dug myself deeply into Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" on another occasion until my eyes swam and the pines and spruces acquired human shapes and voices. Another time it was Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" that led me at breathless speed through months endlessly and endlessly on. The print was terribly fine, and often at the most desperate crises pages on pages had been plucked out by somebody whose excitement had gotten the best of him. But I could not be wrenched away from those tomes. I even tried to read them by the light of bottled lightning-bugs when the lamp had been taken from me. There was a life of Patrick Henry, whose speech I committed to memory and brought forth to the surprise of the family one morning at a haying time breakfast. Another life, this time of Napoleon, in twelve volumes, I also devoured. A volume of Doré's engravings for the "Inferno" and "Don Quixote" was like ice on my spine even in midsummer. I even dipped into the "Family Doctor," also on the index, and read it surreptitiously under the horsehair sofa in a parlor that was like a refrigerator even in June. Its charts that lifted up in layers to show the various organs of the body in *déshabillé* fascinated me so much that, I am sorry to say, I tried to do as much for skates and other fish I caught. But the book of books was a complete Shakespeare, which I read through and loved entire for the sound and swing of the lines even before I could understand half of the words or make head or tail of what was going on in the plots.

But there. How can one hope to capture in a catalogue of books, of uncles, or of pets, the days that had gilt upon them? In the proper circus one needs three pairs of eyes, a set for each of the rings; and one can no more hope to reduce to a sequence, or order the things that glitter there, than one can expect to order the bright tops that spin off into the outer darkness along the Milky Way.

"RECONSTRUCTION" IN THE HOLY LAND

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

I

THE Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917, dominates all discussions bearing upon the present status of Palestine. If one desires to understand the problem with which the Holy Land is now confronted one should consult the exact text of that definition of policy. It reads as follows:

His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country.

The Palestinian Arabs contend that this Declaration runs counter to the terms of an agreement entered into on October 24, 1915, by Great Britain and the Sherif of Mecca. Their leaders say that England, by this Pact, bound herself "to recognize and support the independence of the Arabs" within certain well-defined territories, which the Arabs insist include Palestine, provided the Arabs would help the Allies to defeat the Turks. The Arab world points to the facts recorded by history to show that it lived up to its share of this bargain.

The Arabs also cite the joint Anglo-French proclamation of November 7, 1918, in which the following language is used:

The aim which France and Great Britain have in view in prosecuting in the East the war let loose by German ambition is the complete and final liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of national governments and administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the native population.

The Arabs emphasize the fact that this proclamation bears a date subsequent to that of the Balfour Declaration. They say that this pronouncement made on the eve of the Armistice and when Turkey lay prostrate, confirms the October 24, 1915, understanding. And, from these primary propositions, the Moslems and Christians of Palestine draw the corollary that, at all events, "the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people" is not necessarily inconsistent with Arab independence.

No attempt will here be made to enquire as to whether these contentions are or are not well founded. The Treaty of Versailles was signed on June 28, 1919. The Covenant of the League of Nations constitutes the first twenty-six articles of that epoch-making Pact. It is there that the basic principles underlying the present status of Palestine are defined. It is, accordingly, to the Treaty of Versailles rather than to agreements or declarations of earlier date that one must now refer in seeking to appreciate at their true value the arguments advanced by Jew and Arab.

This does not mean that the Balfour Declaration has been recalled. All that it implies is that the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Mandate for Palestine, granted under the authority of that accord, now fix the legal status of the Holy Land. The Balfour Declaration is still of outstanding importance, not because it was made on November 2, 1917, but because it is written into the Mandate for Palestine. Its legality and its true import must, therefore, be construed in connection with the terms

of the Covenant of the League of Nations, for the Mandate itself, it should be clearly understood, is only valid in so far as it carries into execution the delegated authority conferred by Versailles on June 28, 1919.

It is Article XXII of the Covenant which thus dominates the entire issue. That section begins by a little sermonizing. It then uses this language:

> Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

The communities which, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, had already reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations was provisionally recognized were placed under what is called "Class A" mandates. There are also "Class B" and "Class C" mandates. The latter apply to more backward peoples. This inquiry is not concerned with "Class B" and "Class C" mandates. It is recognized by all authorities that Palestine is a "Class A" community.

II

One may learn quite a number of interesting facts about the genesis of these various mandates if one reads a pamphlet issued by the Secretariat of the League of Nations and entitled "The Mandate System." It teaches that the original intention of the authors of the Covenant had been that the terms of all Mandates should be embodied in the Peace Treaties. This, however, was subsequently abandoned and the Pacts signed without inclusion of these details. What the mandates, therefore, contain, to quote "The Mandate System," is "a series of provisions reaf-

firming with greater detail and precision the principles laid down in the Covenant." This is another way of saying that the Covenant of the League of Nations may be called the Constitution of Palestine and that the Mandate may be likened to a charter granted to a county or to a municipality by a legislature, or to the by-laws of a corporation, as opposed to its organic law.

This Mandate or by-law was dated London, July 24, 1922. The preamble sets forth that:

(1) The Principal Allied Powers have designated His Britannic Majesty as the Mandatory for Palestine, and

(2) The Mandatory should be responsible for putting into effect the declaration originally made on November 2, 1917, in favor of the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, it being clearly understood that nothing should be done which might prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine.

Article II reads as follows:

> The Mandatory shall be responsible for placing the country under such political administration as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home, as laid down in the preamble, and the development of self-governing institutions, and also for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race.

Article III ordains that "the mandatory shall, as far as circumstances permit, encourage local autonomy."

After having thus spoken of local autonomy the Mandate decrees that an appropriate Jewish Agency shall be recognized as a public body for the purposes of advising and coöperating with the Administration of Palestine in such economic, social and other matters as may affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine. Article VI elaborates this latter point and makes it the duty of the

Administration of Palestine to facilitate Jewish immigration and "close settlements by Jews on the land." This orientation of policy is further emphasized by Article VII which directs that a nationality law shall be enacted containing provisions "framed so as to facilitate the acquisition of Palestinian citizenship by Jews who take up permanent residence in Palestine."

It would serve no useful purpose to cite the text of any further sections of the Mandate. Enough has already been quoted to show that it appears to deviate from the principle which dominates the Covenant of the League of Nations or Constitution or Magna Charta of Palestine. That organic law, it will be recalled, accepts as a postulate that Palestine had already reached a stage where its "existence as an independent nation can be provisionally recognized." The part assigned to the Mandatory was definitely circumscribed. Its sole function was declared to be that of "rendering administrative advice or assistance" until such time as Palestine is "able to stand alone." When the Peace Conference thus spoke it is assumed to have had knowledge of two cardinal facts. They are:

(1) That the Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917, proclaimed that England viewed with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and

(2) That the population of Palestine then consisted, in round figures, of 700,000 Arab Moslems and Christians and of 60,000 Jews.

The Covenant of the League says nothing as to the establishment of a National Home for the Jewish people. It does, however, proclaim the principle of "provisional independence." It is obvious that it makes it the duty of the Mandatory to organize forthwith this community which was then preponderatingly Arab and to give it such administrative advice and assistance as would help it to "stand alone."

The Mandate seems to have overlooked the objective thus envisaged by the Covenant. These by-laws, as opposed to this Constitution, appear to have concentrated their attention, not upon independence as a goal, but upon a Jewish National Home as a north star, a rallying point, and a permanent anchorage. One is tempted to ask whether this is constitutional. But, before doing so, would it not be better to see whether the articles of the by-laws are or are not even more far-reaching than is the preamble of the Mandate?

This inquiry is of interest because, should it result that the various sections of the by-laws transcend the spirit of the Balfour Declaration, it would be a work of supererogation to seek to find out whether, under the delegated authority given the framers of the Mandate, they could validly write the Balfour Declaration into these by-laws.

The promise given on November 2, 1917, in the name of His Britannic Majesty did not contemplate subordinating the wishes of 700,000 Arabs to those of 60,000 Jews. What His Britannic Majesty's Government then had in view was the establishment of a National Home for the Jewish people. The safeguarding of the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of such Jews as resided in Palestine or who might desire to emigrate to the Holy Land was what was visualized. There was no idea of making Palestine a Jewish theocracy where the Arab majority would be merely tolerated. The establishment of a Jewish home in Palestine, not the making of a Jewish home out of Palestine, is what was meant.

That the conversion of Palestine into a Jewish National Home, as opposed to the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, is what the articles of the Mandate as opposed to its preamble really mean, is shown by the way in which these by-laws have been applied.

The first High Commissioner was a Jew and his legal advisor was a Jew, and is still in office. The proportion

of Jewish officials in the public service far exceeds that of one to seven which is the present ratio of the population. Jewish agencies are carrying on world-wide propaganda appealing to Jews to come to Palestine and are subsidizing the needy who yield to this unremitting solicitation.

Immigration is thus artificially stimulated. Legislation has been enacted by the Administration of Palestine which facilitates this unnatural infiltration. Funds are advanced by the Jewry of the world to buy up land for these new arrivals. It thus has come to pass that not only is there nothing spontaneous about the Jewish immigration which is flowing into Palestine, but that economic laws have but little to do with the activity or inactivity of these exotic elements.

Such conditions, even if valid under the terms of the various articles of the Mandate, do not find any adequate warrant in the Balfour Declaration cited in the preamble to these by-laws. But whether this contention is or is not well founded, the Balfour Declaration itself runs counter to the Covenant of the League of Nations. The argument may therefore be stressed that the Balfour Declaration is unconstitutional.

It would be incorrect to hold that there is nothing in the Covenant of the League of Nations which prevented the authors of the Mandate from writing the Balfour Declaration into the latter document. It will not have been forgotten that the Covenant not only recognized "the provisional independence" of Palestine but that it made it clear that "the administrative advice and assistance" of the Mandatory should be given only until such time as that community is "able to stand alone."

Obviously it was intended that this administrative advice and assistance should be directed towards deleting the word "provisional" and towards hastening the date of emancipation and independence. The text of the Mandate, however, and more particularly the way in which it has

been applied, demonstrates that its entire orientation was and is directed toward converting a predominantly Arab land into a Jewish theocracy euphemistically called a home. The Balfour Declaration, so metamorphosed and distorted, thus bids defiance to the Covenant of the League of Nations.

III

All of this is not an academic discussion of a legal proposition. It is practical common sense. It is inspired by respect and admiration for the Jewish race. It is prompted by the hope of doing something to save the Jews of Palestine from perishing by the sword.

They are today in Palestine in a hopeless minority. British bayonets and nothing else are saving their throats from Arab knives and their bodies from Arab bullets. The Moslem and Christian Arabs of Palestine stand as a unit. They are 700,000 against 100,000. They believe, in their heart of hearts, that they opened the gates of Jerusalem to Allenby's troops. They consider that they have been betrayed. Jewish gold is buying up their land. They are grinning and bearing with this condition. They will probably remain more or less quiet as long as English troops control all strategic points. But the British taxpayer will eventually tire of this expense. If he does not, India and other Moslem lands may raise their voices in the wilderness. A day will come when these soldiers will leave. The longer it is postponed the more terrible will be the bloody retribution which will be taken.

There is no reason why England should not reëxamine the terms of the Mandate. Discord and bloodshed are now marking the tenth year of the British Administration of Palestine and the eighth since the date of the Mandate. The clouds are black. Across the firmament there is not a silver lining. It would appear to be demonstrable, as a legal proposition, that the constitutionality of the Balfour

Declaration is open to serious doubt. It is furthermore self-evident that grave uncertainty exists as to whether the text of the articles of the Mandate falls within the letter and spirit of the Balfour Declaration itself. But the impartial mind is forced to admit that no doubt or uncertainty exists as to the fact that the Mandate as now applied nullifies Article XXII of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which, it cannot be too often repeated, made it the sole duty of the Mandatory to render administrative advice and assistance looking towards enabling Palestine "to stand alone."

Why then should London adhere to a Mandate of doubtful legality when that Mandate can be made effective only by shot and shell? Why should not England, or the assembled wisdom of the League of Nations, redraft a state paper which has produced disastrous results? If the question is reopened it will be possible to conciliate the interests of both Jews and Arabs. If this is not done, one of two alternatives must be accepted. One is a permanent standing army. The other is bloodshed.

AN IMPRESSION OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

By THOMAS MANN

I

THE German public which has given to "The Forsyte Saga" the greatest success that has been won by any foreign work since Rolland's "Jean Christophe" knows quite well the features of its author: that clear profile of unmistakably English stamp, upon whose lines our eyes fall so often in publishers' announcements and magazines. But the picture, naturally enough, fails to give an impression of the living charm of John Galsworthy's personality as I was able to feel it when a few years ago I was a guest in London of the Pen Club. Galsworthy was the founder of that club which has already grown to be almost a world-wide organization.

The author's sister, Mrs. Sauter, wife of a German painter, had taken us into her home. She has died since then but her fragile distinction still moves me as I remember her. There were living with her then her children, George Sauter, a painter too, a very lovable and happily gifted young man who has exquisitely illustrated a special edition of his uncle's books, and his gracious wife.

Then at the Club dinner, an elaborate feast at which Galsworthy presided, I spent an evening by the side of the author of "The Forsyte Saga" and of that other story full of sensibility, "The Dark Flower." I personally love "The Dark Flower" best of all his books—one of the most beautiful and fresh love romances in the English language. We were his guests, also, the next day at his house at Hendon,

together with the eminent critic, William Archer, now also dead.

I shall always treasure my acquaintance with Galsworthy as a human acquisition of the first importance. Viewed in a purely personal way as a social figure, he represents the typical Englishman of good family with his tall stature, his air of exalted health, the rosy color which gives the lie to the snow of his head. The knightliness, the moderation, the lovable morality of his nature constitute something like the blossoming of West European civilization. The word "gentleman" that is so rich in physical and moral connotations would describe him, if it were more spiritual. One very soon becomes sure in intercourse with this man, of what one really knew before, that one has to do with a classic gentleman but with something beyond that— Perhaps one must perforce say a spiritual man—one who is understanding and sensitive; in whom passion and convention have entered into that mysterious mingling which is the wellspring of literature: in short an author whose pleasant human semblance—or shall one say "mask"?—is that of a gentleman.

II

The literary historian of a definite epoch of the English middleclass is naturally himself no mere man of a class. Insight and art put him at a distance from a social station in life which by birth, education, and tradition is his own: to which he no longer belongs as a native, save as his prose objectifies it at the same time that it exercises criticism upon it and its place in history. Middle-class authorship may be called today the most representative and popular everywhere, for it is a tentative criticism of its own form of life —a form of life which as a personal possession is yet naïve and genuine but which in the spiritual realm is fragmentary and precarious. This is so because it wins the confidence of the millions; whose darkly-felt situation it expresses and

ennobles in so far as objectification and representation do ennoble.

The great position which Galsworthy possesses in his own country rests no doubt on this: a position of confidence —for everyone demands upon every occasion his word, his pronouncement, his decision. I got an idea of that high inconvenience when I was near him. And doubtless it is to this relationship that we may trace back the thankful welcome with which his work was received in Germany.

DISCUSSIONS OF NEW BOOKS

JEFFERSON'S AMERICANISM

By J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton

A GLANCE at Professor Chinard's latest and, perhaps, most important contribution to knowledge of America's most unique great man provokes the prophecy that his sub-title will be the object of criticism. For what is Americanism? The answer to the question is not easy. The Americanism of New England is certainly a different thing from that of Texas, and while the innocent bystander may be conscious of certain resemblances in the Americanism of California and Florida, he can find none between that of those two interesting if somewhat juvenile-seeming commonwealths and that of Virginia or Michigan, or Kansas. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Chicago each offers a different brand, and so at times the suspicion seems well founded that there are as many kinds of Americanism as there are Americans. But closer investigation of the thesis will convince the reader that, in spite of the difficulty of defining the term with complete accuracy, the author has made a rather effective case. And besides, it should be added, the book is well worth while if he did not.

Any important historical personage deserves a wealth of portraiture, for in no other way can the whole man be completely revealed. The present popularity of biography is therefore valuable in its results, for each new contribution,

Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism. By Gilbert Chinard. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $5.00.

even of the superficial impressionistic sort, throws new light —however lurid much of it is—upon its subject. And in the case of so many-sided a person as Jefferson, too much light cannot be thrown if the truth of the man, too long obscured, is to be revealed to a people, who, as never before since his own time, need a clear view of him and an accurate interpretation of his gospel.

Disciples of Jefferson—and there are really a few existent—look eagerly always for the appearance of the study which will at last reveal him in his entirety. Eagerly they read each new volume and, as a rule, lay it down with disappointment as an inadequate portrayal of the man who was at once America's most versatile genius, its greatest and most influential political thinker, perhaps its most fascinating personality, and certainly its most consistently slandered national figure. While I do not for a moment intend to convey the impression that the present volume is a definitive life of Jefferson—and it is fair to add that it was not intended to be—I must admit having had the rare experience of completing my reading of this volume with a feeling of genuine satisfaction. And not a small part of this is due to the gratification of finding, in this day when everybody is writing a biography, a study written by somebody who knows what he is talking about.

Of course it is not a cause of surprise, Professor Chinard's previous work on the subject having already furnished complete assurance not only of his unique familiarity with his subject, but also of the general soundness of his interpretations and conclusions. The illuminating documents he has gathered from the wealth of unpublished material in the Library of Congress, and the Massachusetts Historical Society, have already revealed much about Jefferson which was before unknown or at best only suspected, and the present volume may be regarded as a synthesis and logical development of his previous studies.

While there is here given a very satisfactory outline of

Jefferson's life, it serves chiefly as the foundation for a study and analysis of his political thinking and his political practice. And, interestingly enough it has remained for a French scholar to prove with a finality that is really conclusive that not from France or the French did Jefferson derive his political ideas, ideals, and philosophy, but from the history and thought of his own race. In the development of that philosophy Jefferson sought "to return to that happy system of our ancestors, the wisest and most perfect ever devised by the wit of man as it stood before the 8th century," and well does the author conclude that "Jeffersonian democracy was born under the sign of Hengist and Horsa, not of the Goddess Reason."

True to his race, Jefferson was never a pure theorist, dealing in abstractions, nor a mere practical politician, but always the combination of both, the practical idealist. In practice he was a realist who never lost belief in the doctrine that "nations are to be governed with regard to their own interests," but who added in all sincerity "but I am convinced that it is their interests, in the long run, to be grateful, faithful to their engagements, even in the worst circumstances, and honorable and generous always." And to the end he never wavered in his conviction that national and private ethics should be identical.

His political philosophy was based upon the existence of two classes of natural rights: the fundamental which the individual exercises by himself, and another class which depend for their safe enjoyment upon the protection of society. The former must remain always inalienable; the latter should be partly given up for greater security. As the author phrases it, "The individual remained in full possession of certain rights; society was granted part of the others, a part to be determined strictly in forming a social compact: the citizen no longer had to sacrifice all his rights on the altar of his country; he remained sovereign in a sovereign society."

The same doctrine Jefferson applied to the states forming a union. Champion of state's rights he has been consistently painted, but Jefferson was in practice and largely in theory a consistent federalist, a supporter of the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, a critic of its defects, an advocate of the adoption of the Constitution, and one of its ardent defenders to the end of his days.

The close of the Revolution found him confirmed in the belief, which was presently strengthened by his residence abroad, that America offered a unique opportunity for the establishment of the most perfect system of government the world had seen, if only the dangers of the European system could be kept out. Entangling alliances must be avoided at any cost. He was even distrustful of a developing commerce because of its international implications. Manufacturing was also dangerous to American ideals. He would have preferred the United States to resemble in its self-sufficiency his plantation at Monticello. Let America be an agricultural nation. "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God . . . whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire which otherwise might escape from the face of the earth. . . . While we have land to labor then, let us never wish to see our citizens occupied at a work-bench, or twirling a distaff. Carpenters, masons, smiths, are wanting in husbandry: but, for the general operations of manufacture, let our workshops remain in Europe. It is better to carry provisions and materials to workmen there, than to bring them to the provisions and materials, and with them their manners and principles." But progressive always, and ever ready to admit error, Jefferson was presently to favor the development of industry as a necessity in a self-sufficient nation.

Peace was an essential part of his system, war being one of the chief burdens of the human race, but he advocated a reasonable preparedness.

Individual liberty was the foundation stone of the Jeffersonian structure and since free government in his thinking could not exist without widely diffused knowledge, he advocated public education as a necessity. Common schools and a free press would prepare the mass of the people for civic duties and universities would train experts and leaders.

America, applying to the business of government the wisdom of all time, as adapted to its needs, would be an example and a hope to the world.

Deeply convinced as he was that America had a world mission, Jefferson was no missionary. Nowhere in him was there any fire of desire to reform the world or anybody in it other than by example. He was unsympathetic with the offer of revolutionary France to free the rest of the world, for his liberalism, in addition to being tolerant, was of a sort that made him believe men fit to be free only when they were determined to be. He was as averse to forcing men's political beliefs as he was to forcing their ideas on religion and morals. Freedom in these was among the inalienable rights of the sovereign man.

There are, of course, interpretations in the study that will not gain universal acceptance, even by friends of Jefferson, but there are but few errors of fact. Inconsistencies, however, are more numerous. For example, one wonders why on the same page there is mention of Burr's "most evident guilt," and a declaration that "legally speaking it is difficult to find fault with Marshall's findings." And, to mention another, if Jefferson doubted Wilkinson's loyalty during the Burr conspiracy, why did he rely upon him as he did? Doubt is cast upon Jefferson's belief in immortality, but his beautiful expression of that belief is quoted.

There is a certain humor in Professor Chinard's falling into an identical error with Jefferson. When John Adams, upon reconciliation bent, wrote Jefferson that he was sending him "two pieces of Homespun lately produced in this quarter by one who was honored in his youth by your atten-

tion and much of your kindness," Jefferson thanked him eagerly for what Professor Chinard calls "a fine specimen of homespun made in Massachusetts." John Adams has volunteered to correct them both. The "Homespun" was "not Wool, nor Cotton, nor Silk, nor Flax, nor Hemp, nor Iron, nor Wood. They were spun from the Brain of John Quincy Adams, and consist in two volumes of his Lectures on Rhetorick and Oratory, delivered when he was Professor of that Science in our University of Cambridge."

Professor Chinard, like Jove—to the comfort of the rest of us—nods sometimes.

ADAMS, POLK AND HOUSTON

By Dexter Perkins

BIOGRAPHY is today not very fashionable among many professional historians. History, so their opinion declares, is not primarily a matter of individuals; it is a matter of social forces and mass movements of which this or that great figure may be an expression, but which transcend individual efforts and individual aspirations. It is the common people we must study, not the so-called leaders.

There is something to be said for this view. But there will never be a time when individual personality is not one of the most interesting things in the world; or when the mass of mankind can become as much interested in history treated socially as they can in the smallest details in the life of a great statesman, or leader in any of man's varied activities. So biography maintains its place, and, if not

The Diary of John Quincy Adams. 1794-1845. Edited by Allen Nevins. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00. *Polk. The Diary of a President. 1845-49.* Edited by Allen Nevins. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00. *The Raven. A Biography of Sam Houston.* By Marquis James. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

universally honored, manages to command the talents and the interest of many historical writers.

I

Biography is never more engrossing than when it is *auto* biography, that is, if the autobiographer is as much interested in himself as an autobiographer ought to be. Professor Nevins therefore, has done a great service in publishing in condensed form the Diaries of John Quincy Adams and of James K. Polk.

The twelve impressive volumes in which Charles Francis Adams some fifty years ago published the jottings of his father have long been out of print and difficult to procure. They richly repay reading, and are a mine of information for the historical investigator; if only from the point of view of their inaccessibility, the time was ripe for some new edition of them in condensed form. Mr. Nevins has performed the task of so condensing them with the greatest skill; he has sacrificed almost nothing that was vital; and he has left us the picture of this New England Puritan in all its lights and shade. It may well be doubted whether there exists in either American or English literature a piece of self-revelation more engrossing. The Adams acidity, the Adams sarcastic humor, the Adams exacting conscience, the Adams painful and self-conscious introspection, the Adams courage at times raised to nobility, all these appear in the Diary. And with what literary skill the thing was written, written in the small hours of the morning or late at night, when the powers of so many mortals flag. What immense vitality, intellectual and physical, breathes forth from these pages! And, after all, what rigid devotion to the ideal of the good life! Of Adams, as of other moralists, it is of course true that he was not always moral, in the large sense of the term; bitterness, intolerance, hardness, these no doubt appear in the lineaments of his own character that he has traced for posterity. But one finds also an

iron moral strength as well; an unsullied devotion to the public weal; a noble sense of personal and public honor.

And viewing it all in all, is it possible to conceive a more interesting story? Prussia and Holland in the days when French Revolutionary armies were sweeping over Europe, Washington under Mr. Jefferson, Russia and the quays of the Neva when Napoleon was marching on Moscow, Ghent where Adams and his able colleagues wrestled with second-rate men to win the peace that followed the war of 1812, Washington again, and the long tussle of negotiation that ended in the acquisition of Florida, the tense dramatic debates of the Missouri compromise, the no less tense discussions that brought forth the Monroe Doctrine—the elections of 1824, with the agonized suspense of the election in the House of Representatives, the preoccupations of the Presidency, and then after a breathing space, Capitol Hill, with the battle for freedom of speech in the House, and the long bitter struggle against the slave-holders, fought with courage, if not with charity or fairness, until Death itself came into Statuary Hall to call away this great public man.

To turn from Adams to Polk is to experience a very decided let-down. Polk, too, was conscientious, devoted to the public weal, courageous and tenacious in his beliefs, more successful in establishing and carrying through his leadership in the Presidency than Adams himself. But there is always a difference. Polk seems a pinched personality; a little hard dry man who, while he deserves a more favorable judgment than he has frequently received, never suggests that sweep of imagination or judgment associated with greatness. There is a matter-of-fact, narrowly practical tone about all that he writes; no suggestion of wide interests or broad views, such as crop up again and again with Adams. Perhaps the best of what he has to tell us is to be found in his characterizations of other men, characterizations lacking in the singular patness of Adams's, but often highly entertaining. Buchanan (whom Adams, by the

way, pithily described as "the shadow of a shade") appears in Polk's Diary as the irresolute and timid person that he actually was; there are interesting evaluations of Calhoun, whom Polk hated; there are revealing paragraphs on the pompous and egotistical, but able, Benton. The Diary is well worth while, too, as revealing the official side of the life of the President of the United States. Herein it perhaps excels Adams's. For it covers in detail the years of Polk's residence in the White House, and nothing else, whereas Adams's Diary is most meager for the years of his Presidency. One discovers (if one has not already discovered) what an immense pressure for patronage the Chief Executive of the United States is compelled to meet. One gains a knowledge of the practical relationship between the President and Congress. One even finds a prescription for shaking hands with the minimum of fatigue.

II

There is no revelation of character like self-revelation. But Sam Houston kept no twelve-volume, and even no four-volume diary; and if this picturesque contemporary of Polk and Adams is to be understood, one cannot do better than turn to Mr. James's work. Mr. James is conscious, as not all historians can be said to be, of the obligation to write something that is readable, something that has literary quality as well as historical solidity. For this the reader must be duly grateful. There are occasional purple patches perhaps a little too brilliant; but the general effect is excellent. Mr. James is to be congratulated, too, on avoiding the temptation to psychoanalysis which debases some of our modernist biography; he does not try to tell us what Houston thought when there is no evidence on the point, and there is a scholarly caution where caution is needed. Indeed, for all the "popular" title, and a flaming red cover, there is steady and conscientious research in "The Raven," not only a careful plumbing of the more obvious materials, but a

search into local records, and even local tradition, that adds something worth while to our knowledge of this salient personality. It is the romance of Houston's earlier career that has captivated the author most; and he is perhaps less successful in dealing with the President of Texas and the Senator of the United States than with "The Raven," living among and sharing the life of the Indians. But the picture is not only interesting, but one which has the air of truth. And it needed to be drawn. For if the author's view that Sam Houston determined the destiny of a continent and the type of civilization which should prevail there, is exposed to challenge, it is none the less true that there are few figures in the history of the Middle Period that more deserve careful study than this extraordinary man. One may well wonder whether he does not mean much more than the conventional idols of the time, than Clay or Calhoun, whether there was not in him more independence, more strength in the face of adverse criticism, more of the quality that makes a man, in some degree, at least, the master of his own destiny.

Mr. James has not been content with painting Houston; he has also given us some excellent pictures of the society of the time, and none better than his picture of the frontier, and of sordid land agents and naïf savages and grasping fur-traders.

To read the book as a whole is better to understand a striking and important figure. And is not this the purpose of biography?

AMBASSADORS AT ST. JAMES'S

By Herbert Heaton

WHEN an author sets out to deal with about forty successive official representatives in just under five hundred pages, he is in mortal danger of writing a mere catalogue such as one buys at the entrance to an art gallery. Mr. Willson in his "America's Ambassadors to England" sees this danger, tries to avoid it, but is not altogether successful, any more than is any other historian who uses kings or presidents as pegs on which to hang his narrative. Hence, in spite of the delightful thumb-nail sketches of almost every ambassador, we have a feeling such as comes from studying a dictionary of national biography, and when we reach the end of one chapter we find ourselves trying to guess the name of the next ambassador before we turn the page.

But this excellently-written book is more than a catalogue. It is an attempt to present, "in all its significant fluctuations, the life of a relationship, racial, political, intellectual, moral, and social, altogether without parallel in history." For, in the first place, America's ambassadors were different in their attitudes, their experiences, and their contacts, from their colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps. They were not "career men" or professionals at the game; they were not always primarily professional politicians, though five of them did become presidents and ten were later secretaries of state. They were journalists, lawyers, men of letters or of business, and often were picked up out of the world in which they had spent the greater part of their life to wear a strange garb and speak a strange language in a strange land. Sometimes they refused to wear the garb; nearly always they declined to speak the language

America's Ambassadors to England, 1785-1929: A Narrative of Anglo-American Diplomatic Relations. By Beckles Willson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.00.

of official diplomacy, and pushed aside the heavy formalism and official procrastination which characterized the professionals. They were not willing, or were not allowed, to confine their attention to Downing Street, but spoke here, there, and everywhere, to all sorts and conditions of convivial, learned, and popular audiences. They became in short public men in the widest sense of that phrase, and some of them were as well-known in English life as were cabinet ministers.

In the second place, Mr. Willson finds a revelation in his subjects of what he calls "the unmistakable *ethos* of our English race." Alien antecedents and national prejudices exerted their full effects, and where Anglo-American friction was generated there was no failure to state the American case and maintain its rights. Yet, even in these moments, and still more so in crucial days when the American was an onlooker, "these men have thought, felt, and acted towards current phenomena precisely as Englishmen of their temperament, education, and station would have done, and not at all as aliens would do." Rufus King, looking at Buonaparte from London, felt that France must be fought, just as Walter Page, looking from the same vantage-point at Germany, felt that America must come in, and Hay believed that England had a good case for fighting Kruger, and Choate, Hay, and Lowell felt there were two sides to the Irish question. This apostasy, as it seems to many stay-at-homes, is one of the terrible things about London; it strikes not merely American ambassadors, but also the most fire-eating of dominion premiers. Hertzog of South Africa, Hughes of Australia, and a handful of Canadian premiers, all have come away from the London fog and dinners different men. Is it the fog, the food, or the flattery that does it? May it not rather be that *ethos* of which Mr. Willson speaks, that thinking and feeling and judging by the same standards, in the same spirit, with the same code of right and rights? Maybe.

AFTER APPOMATTOX

By Gerald W. Johnson

THE series of events culminating in the conviction of Albert B. Fall, charged with accepting a bribe while he was a member of the President's Cabinet, has given the modern generation the impression that the administration of Harding was unprecedentedly villainous, and that Warren Gamaliel was the worst President who ever occupied the White House. This is far from true. In his new book, "The Tragic Era," Claude G. Bowers proves beyond a reasonable doubt that for sheer swinishness the Harding administration was miles behind the Grant administration. When all is said and done, Fall was found guilty. No member of the Grant Cabinet ever saw the inside of a jail, or ever stood in real danger of seeing the inside of one. It may be that most of the great Harding rascals have gone unwhipped of justice; but *all* the great Grant rascals escaped, which fact marks a depth of ignominy to which the country had never sunk before, and which it has not touched since.

To the delineation of the orgies that attended the Grant administrations, Mr. Bowers brings extraordinary equipment. He is immensely learned, and immensely industrious. He writes gracefully and vividly and—most important of all for a job of this kind—he is by long odds the most furious historian now in practice in America. Mr. Bowers clings to the quaint old theory that public office is a public trust, and betrayal of that trust fills him with indignation, not with admiration. Therefore contemplation of what happened in the time of Grant makes him seethe.

His theory is that after Abraham Lincoln died, a complete revolution occurred in the Federal government. The Radicals, led by Thaddeus Stevens and Charles Sumner, hated the ideals of Lincoln much more than they hated those

The Tragic Era: The Revolution after Lincoln. By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

of Jefferson Davis. Indeed, they promptly accepted Davis's main contention, which was that the Confederate States had actually gone out of the Union. Only by doing so were they able to regard the South as alien territory, conquered by force of arms, and therefore at the mercy of the conqueror.

Against them stood one of the few magnificent figures of the Tragic Era—honest, stubborn, brave old Andrew Johnson. He could not cope with the situation, but what man could have done so? He caught the thunderbolts that were forged for Lincoln, and they smashed him; but the chances are they would have smashed Lincoln. The inevitable aftermath of war is the triumph of the venomous. Stevens and Sumner could no more be stopped than Lodge and Fall were stopped by Woodrow Wilson in 1919. When the public has been lashed into emotional fury, wise and scrupulous men are helpless. Then steely haters and limber opportunists find their harvest time: and the country pays the penalty for decades, perhaps for generations, afterward.

Bowers does a portrait of Johnson that is admirable. He has been accused of idealizing his subject, but that is due to the fact that his accusers are familiar only with the libellous caricatures of Johnson which passed for portraits until DeWitt, and then Judge Winston, spoke up. Bowers admits that Johnson was tactless and ferocious. He admits that Johnson was drunk when he took the oath as Vice-President, but he has an explanation of, if not an excuse for, the lapse. But, while admitting these imperfections, he emphasizes the honesty, the high ability, and the blazing courage of the man; and in an era when the government swarmed with the crooked, the stupid, and the craven, surely these are high virtues and worthy of the emphasis of historians.

His portrait of the great, Satanic genius of the period, Thaddeus Stevens, is less satisfactory. Perhaps this is inevitable in a writer who observes any sort of space limitations at all, for it would probably require an entire volume

as large as "The Tragic Era" to unravel the complexities of this amazing figure. Yet it is a pity that Mr. Bowers did not add two or three pages to furnish a better explanation of why Thad Stevens hated the South so poisonously. Probably it is a job for a psychiatrist, but it would be a fascinating study.

As for Charles Sumner, he fares worst of all, since it is plain that Bowers considers him not worth the waste of time. In a way, this is one of the most charming features of the book. To find the lordly, grandiloquent Sumner dismissed with mild contempt is such a complete reversal of the procedure of the conventional historian as to make one gasp.

Perhaps the best features of the book, however, are the thumb-nail sketches of minor figures which are scattered thickly throughout its length. I fancy particularly the acid lines in which Schuyler Colfax is suggested, rather than represented:

> Of statecraft he had partaken daintily, but a fluency of expression, added to a pleasing personality and a perpetual smile, had made him a popular figure on the platform. In debate the nimbleness of his tongue stood him in good stead. In speech he was the master of the obvious.

It is a matter of fifty words, but it is enough. We know all that it is necessary to know about Colfax, and nothing he can do thereafter will surprise us. But to describe any man, especially a sinuous politician, in fifty words is an achievement of no low order of excellence. Yet Bowers does it again and again; and this, not his learning, or his assiduity, makes him irresistible.

He ranges through most of the whole welter. His pages on what happened in the ravaged South are superb, as are his pictures of the glittering society which flourished alongside the foul growths of politics. He has, perhaps, hardly done full justice to the tremendous economic changes in the North, which affected the politics of the period powerfully,

but, after all, he was writing a book, not an encyclopedia in thirty volumes.

The fly in the ointment, the thing which I believe prevents "The Tragic Era" from being a great masterpiece, is the fact that while Mr. Bowers, as the description of Colfax shows, has wit, he has no humor. He is an idealist, and it is to be feared that humor and true idealism are forever incompatible. Thus he misses completely the uproarious farce that permeated the entire period. In the first place, what gave rise to all the orgies? Why, the war, of course, and the war was regarded on both sides as "a great social experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." Surely, there is something farcical in the fact that whenever a nation whips itself up to tremendous emotional stress in support of lofty idealism, it promptly imitates the Gadarene swine and rushes down a steep place into a sea of corruption. It was so after the Revolution, when the speculators in government scrip, with the blessing of Alexander Hamilton, stole everything in sight; it was so after the Civil War; it was conspicuously so after the late war—indeed, we are still half-choked with the corruption that followed our latest adventure in idealism.

Bowers assumes that the horror was ended at last by a revolt of the common people in 1876. But why did they revolt? Possibly because they were disgusted by the stench, but more probably because the panic of 1873 enraged them against the Republican party and made them strike out viciously against the ring then in power. Certainly the similar scandals of the Harding regime have not led to a similar revolt. It is at least arguable that the South was rescued from complete extinction, not by an uprising of honest men, but by the downfall of a rascal, namely, Jay Cooke, whose failure precipitated the panic, which caused the loss of the election of 1876, which led to the bargain by which the South sold out Tilden in exchange for withdrawal of the army of occupation.

If this isn't farce of the broadest, what else can it be called? But Mr. Bowers does not hint at it.

Nevertheless, he has written an excellent book which is not only filled with salutary truth, but also with delight for the reader.

BEYOND AND BEFORE

By Carroll Mason Sparrow

THERE grew in Wonderland a certain mushroom which Alice ate to change her size. Those who would enter into the wonderland described by Sir James Jeans must take with them some of this potent fungus. First it is a story of beyond and beyond and beyond. Let us eat and start to grow, and as we grow the earth and all the universe seems to shrink. When the earth has dwindled to the size of a golf ball, the sun, a ball some two hundred feet in diameter, is half a mile away, the nearest fixed star is a similar ball some sixty thousand miles off. Another bite, and the earth's orbit shrivels to the dimensions of a pinhead, the sun a tiny dust speck at the center, and the earth too small to be seen by any microscope. The nearest star is now another dust speck over two hundred yards away and if we scatter a few billion such specks a hundred yards or so apart we have the milky way, filling a flat pancake over five thousand miles across and about one tenth as thick. And still we have only begun. Beyond and beyond are other galaxies like this, millions of them, and we need about four million miles to include those we can see with our present telescopes, with no hint of an end in sight. And yet, if Einstein is right, there *is* an end, and sooner or later space comes back upon itself. Beyond and beyond—but if we go on a billion times as far as we can see, we find ourselves home again. It is a fascinating tale, this story of man's explora-

The Universe Around Us. By Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

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tions of the starry skies, and it is mainly sober fact with little guess-work about it. And the author tells it simply and clearly.

But the astronomer today cannot concern himself wholly with these large matters. Like Dr. Johnson's poet he must be "conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little," and the search for the elegantly little takes us into the atom, there to watch the little electrons at their play. We must eat from the other side of the mushroom and grow small, and the tale is now of within and within. We cannot claim for this part of the story the literal truth of our survey of space, our picture is more symbolic. But we know our scale of sizes pretty well. If we enlarge our golf ball to the size of the earth its atoms would be about the size of golf balls. Each of these is for the most part as empty as the solar system, consisting of a score or so of electrons just visible under the microscope whirling in incredibly rapid orbits (say a thousand million million times a second) about an equally tiny central nucleus, which plays the sun to all these planets. Strange as these tales of the infinitely small may seem, it is almost stranger still that the astronomer finds an application for them in his study of the stars. And here this story is brilliantly told.

For the land encountered in our next chapter, we get no help from Alice's mushroom, for now we must journey back in time. It is a tale of before and before and before. Uncounted ages ago there was perhaps a body of gas filling all space. The mathematician can show that this condition would be unstable, that owing to the gravitational attraction of one part of the gas for another it would tend to clot or curdle into separate masses of gas of about the size of a galaxy, and these in turn would clot or curdle into stars. By some such process as this our sun had reached nearly its present size and temperature about a million million years ago. The story is devoid of news value until quite recently, not until about B.C. 2,000,000,000 when something hap-

pened which was unusual even in the milky way. Another star passed quite close to the sun, and damaged it by drawing out long filaments of hot matter which slowly condensed to form the planets. The next news item is three hundred million years back—the appearance of life on the earth. The old news files which are embedded in the rocks contain nothing of human interest, however, until about three hundred thousand years ago when man appeared. The last hundredth or so of this time represents recorded history, within which our present knowledge of the stars began; telescopic astronomy is only three hundred years old, and most of the facts and speculations with which this book deals are less than thirty years old. Such is the accelerated pace of the advance of science.

What are we to make of it all? Can we find new bottles to hold this heady wine? Can we relate this new knowledge to the daily round of our lives or must we fall back upon creeds outworn to find a place for our petty strivings. For one, I find thoughts difficult to formulate. The contemplation of the cosmos is inimical to discursiveness; in the presence of the stars there should be silence.

> "A star that has no parallax to speak of
> Conduces to repose,"

and to gather in one's thoughts from the incredible vastness and to compress them into the compass of a few printed pages is too hard. Perhaps we shall get at things better from a more mundane angle, starting from an event in the here and now. A book has appeared—classifiable by librarians as popular science, sub-heading astronomy. Such an event may have little relevance to the fact that it will be read by the light of a very ordinary star some ninety million miles away. There are thousands of millions of such stars in our own galaxy (the possessive pronoun is really charming) and there are millions of such galaxies in the universe, whose owners, if any, as Mr. Dooley would say, "don't thravel in our set." But as the event is responsible for my writing

these pages it may be worth our while to consider it. What is a book on popular science anyway, and why? Sir James Jeans has written a good many books, the distinguished excellence of which will win them the respect, but hardly the affection of the multitude. He now turns his hand to a best-seller. Why?

We might divide all authors into salesmen and missionaries. The first thinks of his fellow man as the possessor of money, the second as the possessor of a soul. The one seeks buyers, the other readers. I think we may safely assume our author to be a missionary, one who believes he has something to say to his fellow man which it is important for that man to hear. The problems which interest him seem tremendously important and he wants others to share his enthusiasm. . . . It may well be that he is also not insensible to popular acclaim. *Monstrari digito* is not an exalted ambition, but it marks the possessor as human, which is not such a bad thing in a great physicist. But the dominant desire is undoubtedly to spread the knowledge of science, and particularly the scientific spirit, among the people. But can this be done?

It is easy enough to be a sensation monger, emphasizing the spectacular, and feeding a public avid of signs and wonders. This is all the newspaper reporter attempts; he would like to be accurate but he must above all be exciting. "The Universe Around Us" is all that the reporter could ask, but this is no fault of the author; the interest is inherent in his tale. He is painstakingly accurate, never dodging a difficulty for the sake of making things over-simple. His illustrations and descriptive analogies are a delight to the most knowing. But while he has told inimitably what the scientific man thinks, he has not succeeded so well in telling the public how he thinks, and it is only thus that the spirit of science can be taught.

In those other excellent but excessively non-popular works just mentioned, he writes for his equals; it is the facts that

speak, and so far as he expresses an opinion or draws a conclusion these are subject to the criticism of competent judges. But in a popular work all this is changed. He is now Sir James Jeans, the eminent astronomer and physicist, speaking with the voice of authority to a public unable to weigh evidence. Of course there are degrees of ignorance both among scientists and laymen. But we can form some idea of the actual situation if we can imagine these different works to have been published anonymously. The standing of the technical works would hardly have been affected by the omission of the author's name; to the popular work the omission would be fatal. This is in no sense a specific criticism of the work before us. The author has failed where perhaps no man could have done better. The necessity of talking down to an audience vitiates completely the atmosphere of true scientific communication. To breathe this unpolluted, everyone—layman and expert—must go back to the sources. Such works as "The Origin of Species," or Faraday's "Journal of Researches" are fairly intelligible to anyone. The reader will no doubt learn from them much that is today held to be wrong, but he will learn rightly, and in the only right way, the spirit of science. There will probably be much that he will not understand, but this need not surprise him, for in their own day they were misunderstood. But what he gets will be genuine. Suppose next year some other eminent authority publishes an account of the universe differing radically from Sir James Jeans's version. The uninstructed will have some difficulty in seeing what the two writers have in common, but it is just this common element, namely their mode of approach to the problem, that has persisted through all the history of science. Not in the thing done, but in the manner of its doing does the spirit of science reside.

If I have seemed to criticise it has not been my intention. When one considers the average, run-of-mine work on popular science it seems peculiarly ungracious to single out for

attack one of the very best that has appeared in years. But it is only because it is one of the best that it shows clearly that one of the major objectives of the popularizer is unattainable.

One word of real criticism may be added. When the author ventures outside astronomy his critical faculty forsakes him, and he displays a mind typical of the eighteenth rather than the twentieth century; a mind self-contained within the mathematical realm and conscious of no limitations in its conclusions. Thus he finds no difficulty in foreseeing several billion years of life ahead on the earth, and even of human life, and of astronomy. The warrant for this belief is given by his calculations of the probable duration of present physical conditions. But human life has existed already a bare three hundred thousand years and in this time has been changed almost beyond recognition. The uniformities which justify the physical prediction are absent from the biological problem. No dominant race of living creatures has lasted more than a tiny fraction of the time over which he extends his prophecy, and if we are justified in any conclusion it would be that we can understand as much about life on the earth three hundred million years hence as the amoeba can now comprehend about man, which isn't much. But these are only *obiter dicta* and should not be taken too seriously.

MAKE-BELIEFS

By Walter L. Myers

IN THE days when Santa Claus began to give anxiety because he was rapidly ceasing to be a very actual old gentleman of the rather more than ordinarily jolly and provident grandfather type with rather more than the normal adult facility in such matters as reindeer treks and chimney glissades, in short, about the time when he was rapidly becoming of a piece with Jack the Giant Killer and Puss in Boots, one small listener insisted upon a critical preface to each and every tale offered: "Is this going to be a really truly story or a make-believe one?"

In the days when that same listener has become all but incapable of his earlier breath-stopped, edge-of-the-chair reception of narrative, he is still applying to fiction criteria which are essentially those of his childhood query—as, for that matter, is any critic whatsoever if he will but grant me a fairly liberal adult translation of my infantile terms, especially the third of them.

At any rate, so equipped in theoretic, I fall to work upon my netful of nine goodly fictions taken at a single cast yet evidently not all spawned of one school or even of one species. Once, the classification of such a catch would have been much easier and the task of the critic simpler throughout. Then there was some exactness in the definition of the novel as a story in prose that fills a book. Then the critic of fiction had to reckon chiefly with an abundant and detailed

The Sound and the Fury. By William Faulkner. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50. *Harriet Hume.* By Rebecca West. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50. *The Way of Ecben.* By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert H. McBride and Company. $2.50. *Up at the Villa.* By Marie Cher. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00. *Fugitive's Return.* By Susan Glaspell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50. *Black Roses.* By Francis Brett Young. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50. *Sketch of a Sinner.* By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50. *The Hawbucks.* By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50. *Ultima Thule.* By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

realism and unabashed telling of large truths. Now, with the decrease in size and the attendant concentration and dependence upon inference and overtone and subtle unity of effect, the critic must have deep concern for what I wish to imply in my term *make-believe,* perhaps more concern than for actualism and patent meaningfulness. There is, however, still use for the whole of my prefatory question and for a repetition of it after the reading of many a book. Sundry novels nowadays are obviously intended to be incomprehensible at first perusal—unless it be by aid of what the dust jacket offers.

Even with this aid, no man can feel in the deep heart of him that he fully understands what he has been told in the first chapter of "The Sound and the Fury," by William Faulkner. He will do well if he gets a clear mastery of identities and relationships short of the final third of the book.

I find no fault with this condition; I wish only that the first chapter had been more incomprehensible than it is. Here is essayed the setting forth, in full circumstances, of the stream of a congenital idiot's consciousness. The method is admirably suited to the portrayal of imbeciles, but Mr. Faulkner has been a bit timorous in its use. He has cast Benjy's thinking in the past tense, has made of it recollection, or at any rate has given that effect to it. Thus the reader knows that his idiot has been edited; yet the editing produces bewilderment and does not deepen the mood required. Mr. Faulkner missed an opportunity to write more idiotically than ever man has writ and not a critic able to say him nay.

The expressionistic method is applied more satisfactorily in the second chapter. This deals with a brother of Benjy and with a brain containing some hard spots: its possessor goes to Harvard and plans rather intelligent suicide. He can well distinguish Now from Then, and through him we learn much—for example, that he is not, as the idiot and his

editor had led us half-heartedly to believe, a female. Above all we sense an incestuous degeneracy that will hold some readers who would otherwise give up; at any moment one's worst suspicions may be confirmed. There are, too, moments in this section that recall Dostoievski with their trance-like actuality and their clairvoyant naïveté. The best of the book is here.

Subsequent chapters bring us step by step to a thinning of the dreadful wood and finally to the clear air of conventional narration. And so the tale is told and so we have had glimpse of things sickening and pitiable. I shall long remember certain features of "The Sound and the Fury." The book is impressive; nor does it, as the title modestly implies, signify nothing. It indicates that artists may yet subdue expressionism and make it contribute less to obfuscation than to suggestivity, learn to make it aid in transmuting depression, head-achey shame, the sense of stagnant uncleanness, the odor of dry rot, into wonder and awe and high despair.

Of Rebecca West's "Harriet Hume," one need not ask that much. Its tone is somewhat that of an eighteenth century conte; it is a blend of fantasy, actuality, satire, and there are touches of archaism in the dialogue. Somewhere at the back of it all is the story of an able bounder who betrayed love in the struggle to get on. At crucial moments of his career the woman returns to him, and these moments are the book. The rest is uncertain. Perhaps he committed suicide; perhaps she did. Perhaps he really married her and we are being given the quality but not the circumstance of his regard for her. The dust jacket, in truth, says something about the subconscious, but I fear that this dust jacket is a frail reed. More confidently do I lean upon the subtitle, "A London Fantasy."

The book seems written in the spirit governing many of our modern fantasiers, who are trying to avoid the obviousness of "Rasselas" or "Candide" and the timorousness of

"The Marble Faun" and the inconsequence of "Tristram Shandy," yet retain the sounder virtues of them all. The best mood in which to attempt such composition is doubtless a certain mental laxness and fancy-freedom, and over all the hope that something daemonic may now and then lay hold of the pen. It happens, but there is often trouble where the controls shift.

Be that as it may, there are substantialities enough in this book. There is well compressed characterization and penetrative comment upon maleness and femaleness, their mutual dependences and antipathies. In "Harriet Hume" a realistic novel was pared to the bone and then built out again with strange materials to the amplitude of a prose narrative that fills an engaging book.

Mr. Cabell's "The Way of Ecben," needless to say, holds nothing like contemporary actualities and the coarser intriguements of narrative. Mr. Cabell is the creator of an antiquity, the maker of a mythology, a communer with gods, a sojourner in Hades, and an impish satirist. Mr. Cabell by his own count is fifty years of age. He is mistaken. He has aged centuries in the last fifteen years or so. His "system" is becoming even more auric than he himself made it and is taking on the potencies of manifold constructive interpretation by devotees who are themselves artists. He bids fair to walk asphodel meadows with Blake and Spenser.

Mr. Cabell may even, within the generation, be edited by doctors of philosophy. The Dom Manuel cycle is something that, for the truth there is in it, cannot be read without a gloss by the margent. Spenser one may read happily without much awareness of his concentric allegories; but almost any half dozen pages of "The Way of Ecben," let us say, will not satisfy so easily. There will be an insistence upon meanings so tantalizingly complicated, not to say contradictory, as to interfere with full enjoyment of the imaginative virtuosity, the mythopoesis, the necromantic power in linked sweetnesses.

"The Way of Ecben," I make bold to confess, seems to

me not a finished thing. It gives me the feeling that I have had a look at something like poetic gestation, and that there was at the moment of my glimpse some uncertainty whether the issue would display the recessive or the dominant traits of its progenitors. I will confess further that the finale of the book, "The Colophon Called 'Hail and Farewell, Ettare!'" is rather more moving than the account of the wanderings of the king of Ecben. Here Mr. Cabell discourses of his own literary generation and of himself come to fifty years. Here he tells us that the horn is dry, that he has written "the last of the many stories about the many inheritors of Dom Manuel's life." It is taking. It makes to believe. How it will be treasured if it is literally the last of Mr. Cabell's published writings! One has a sense of having looked upon words that can become historic.

A novel that will indubitably give any discerning reader a feeling that he has viewed it a-making is "Up at the Villa," by Marie Cher. It is done in the James tradition of indirect narrative by a rather neutral observer; but much more frankly than James is ever willing to imply of his observers' products. "Up at the Villa" is the creation of a distinct fictional entity who is not content to chronicle exactly and interpret subtly, but who adds her own imaginings where they are needed to make the action better. Otherwise the story would seem too real and raw and inconclusive and not inseparably associated with its locale.

The final charm of "Up at the Villa" is the gusto with which the narrator enjoys her delicate mastery of materials and the manner in which she makes her artistry contribute to her own ego-consciousness. "To draw any real pleasure from this Villa, from the beauty of this dreaming land, from friendship, from love, they must be put, one and all, in their proper perspective, held subject to something within the mind—leave it nameless—that alone keeps its quivering equilibrium, exquisitely balanced to a hair, in the midst of fleeting shadow pictures. . . ." When this has been

done at sufficient length the book ends satisfactorily with certain narrative threads dangling.

I would not imply that the novel is all self-communing. Rome is set before us, Christian and pagan, with "perfume of the mingled past" and the "incomparable patina of age." There is also "the subtle bubble and stir of that mysterious substance which personalities throw off when their depths are moved." And there is a style which will quicken any responsive intellect.

"Fugitive's Return" by Susan Glaspell is redolent of an even older antiquity, ancient Greece as it survives today at Delphi. This novel is as earnest and as carefully, perhaps prayerfully wrought as anything you will find in much reading. It teaches that there are some set apart to tragedy, who may learn to look upon their own lives "gravely enduring as the spectator is willing to endure if life is forming so truly that in the end must come meaning, the ordeal of witnessing creating an energy that may be transported into beauty." Likewise it teaches that "life is made for meeting and living and not for detachment and dreams. . . ." Thus it can be lived fully only in a place where one quite literally belongs. Hence the fugitive abandons her refuge from intolerable sorrow, leaves Delphi and a firenew lover, assumes a burden of self-sacrifice, and goes back to reside in Iowa where she was born.

It is, I admit contritely, scarcely decent to parade fictional themes thus nakedly. "Fugitive's Return" is not persistently oracular. It strikes off a mid-Western locale to the very life. It gives a voice again to old Delphi and at the same time deals sympathetically and humorously with its modern peasant life. And in the very heart of the novel, retrospectively subdued and properly so, is the moving story of the fugitive's girlhood and brief married life. I wish that there were more simple rightness of style about "Fugitive's Return," but I do accord it respect; it is so patently written in the knowledge that the gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul.

The whole of Francis Brett Young's "Black Roses" is avowedly retrospective, but I am unable to discern much gained by the method save that the finale, the coming back from young Paul Ritchie the remembered, to old Paul the rememberer, permits easily a grateful quietude.

This story, in truth, is allowed to stand more nearly on its own merits than any other I have mentioned. And Mr. Young does have an arresting tale in this account of a sensitive English-Italian lad with an innate creative force no village barbarities could destroy and with capacity for a passion that could disregard vileness and death. It is a story that should hold even the critically aged from their chimney corners.

There is that in this book which is romance apogean—the flowering of the black-petaled rose of Paul's love for Cristina out of squalor and degradation, with the Minotaur-like trampling of the woman's acknowledged possessor echoing in apprehensive ears and the pestilence festering up from dreadful Neopolitan cellars and the lurid glow of Vesuvius lighting the sky of breathless nights, and through and above all the serene shining of Cristina's more than earthly purity.

It is a noble and heart-searching concept, but the truth is that it should have been wrought into a poem instead of a novel: it demands the grace and compression of verse. Hence "Black Roses," for all its implicit power, reads like a translation of something that in the original was masterful, the glow a bit dulled, the vibration a bit deadened. After all, this story is, in a sense, too good to stand alone.

This is not true of Mr. Swinnerton's "Sketch of a Sinner." He did not need the tongue of angels. He had merely to make us acquainted with his Lydia, the forgivable sinner, tall, pale, candid, refreshingly interested in self but not egoistic, yearningly sympathetic but not self-immolating.

This is enough to attempt, in all conscience; so Mr. Swinnerton sets himself no narrative handicaps. He lets us think Lydia's thoughts, but he produces no eye-walling close-ups

of expressionism. He edges sharply the relief of her normality against a background of eccentrics (not to mention the superman Gerald) and an utterly uncongenial locale. Thus he demonstrates that Lydia could be in love with two men, amusedly, pityingly, maternally, and at the same moment could be developing passion for a third. Thus he launches her most believably upon the full tide of romantic abandon—albeit she embarks with the superman, a personage so mysterious, so opportunely ubiquitous that I thought for a time he was being offered as a subconscious wish symbol.

But this is not that sort of story. Gerald is real and so too is Lydia's grief at his death and her agony over her wronged husband Sebastian, and real too the appalling future she must somehow survive—too real. I cannot forgive Mr. Swinnerton this brutality. The end of the book is sheer misery and not tragedy. When I reread "Sketch of a Sinner"—and that I will—I am going to stop short of the final chapter, satisfied by a fuller acquaintance with Lydia and with her amusing, pathetic, delightfully Swinnertonian parents and with the subtly devised Sebastian.

Equally straightforward is Mr. Masefield's "The Hawbucks"; as intent on its course and disregardful of obstacles as the very fox hunters in honor of whom as types of Merry England the novel seems written. Very English is "The Hawbucks." I feel myself most regretfully an outsider as I read it, save that, like all Americans, I cannot be entirely ill at ease with a book that savors of Fielding and Hardy and a right royal interest in good horseflesh. I do wish, however, that I could feel more deeply in on such obvious authenticities as "The Manor House smelt of pot-pourri, furniture polish, pomander, dry-rot, mice, dog and tobacco-smoke." I wish I could know at a glance what are "poachings near the pond." I should like to know whether I am getting all there is to be had out of names such as "Thomas Clench, the Bince, Corselaydeed."

A country-bred Englishman above forty is the man best fitted to have delight in this novel. He will not be worried, I take it, by a sort of hearty perfunctoriness in Mr. Masefield's narrative; he will not bother too much as to what the lovely Carrie really thought of her choice in husbands; he will not find Vaughn rather irritatingly amusing; he will be far too busy accepting the God's plenty of Mr. Masefield's Englishness.

And so to Henry Handel Richardson's "Ultima Thule," the last and most potent book on my list. It is a novel that must be discussed in the most catholic of critical terms —and yet its central character is abnormally an exception to the generality of us, and its locale is Australia, the continent that, to most of mankind, seems least a part of this goodly frame on which we tread and have our being. That "Ultima Thule" should transcend its limitations and take, the more one reflects upon it, a guise epical and highly tragic, is the surest indication of its worth.

In this record of Richard Mahony's degradation, insanity, and death, and of his enduring wife's prolonged torment, is triumphant indication of what can be done by the story in prose that fills a book. It can specify the facts of existence more exactly, more abundantly than any other narrative form, and simultaneously it can accomplish for its reader even the aloofness of high tragedy. It can, while appearing to be intent only upon an overwhelming actuality, be emphatic in truthfulness, and consummate in its power of make-believe.

About "Ultima Thule" there is no hint of experimentation or any suggestion that the author is determined to be emancipated or is working hard at local color. There is no labor to expound significances. Yet there takes shape gradually the concept native to great tragedy, the perception that what must be will be and not the divinities themselves can avert it, much less man; and simultaneously, the awareness that man, thwarted, humbled, helpless, is after

all acknowledged of the gods as triumphantly worthy the consideration of whatsoever in the universe possesses mind.

More than this, there comes out of "Ultima Thule" something of the supreme calm that can be reached only through the turmoils and poignancies of intense emotion, the calm that alone justifies agony in narrative. In the deeper meaning of my phrase, "Ultima Thule" offers me the full experience of being made to believe.

BALLADS IN VIRGINIA

By Louise Pound

THAT Virginia holds an enviable place among the commonwealths of American balladry is fully attested by such an anthology as "Traditional Ballads of Virginia." The songs included in this important volume were collected under the auspices of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society and are edited by Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., Archivist of the Virginia Collections of Ballads. Virginia's preëminence or even supremacy as a ballad country has only recently, it is true, been challenged by Maine, an abode of song that has found convincing voice in "British Ballads from Maine," an admirable anthology of songs coming to us this year from the capable hands of Phillips Barry, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, and Mary Winslow Smyth. That two such significant publications should appear in the same year is indicative of America's scholarly interest in balladry. And it is noteworthy that in both these anthologies this interest centers about the Old World traditional ballads or "genuine antiques" as they survive in this country. Other collections—Professor Cox's "Folk-Songs of the South," for instance—excellent though they are, have included not only ballad importations but native American songs as well.

In the number of ballad texts recorded and in the capable

Traditional Ballads of Virginia. Edited by Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $7.50.

editing of these texts, Dr. Davis's volume will command the serious attention and respect of ballad scholars both in America and in Great Britain. With commendable reliance on Professor Child's introductions, the head-notes for each ballad are extensive and adequate. "The foot-notes perform the usual service of their kind," says Dr. Davis. "They supply variant readings, interpret or comment upon difficult words or passages, and now and then offer comparisons with other texts." So far as the texts are concerned there is nothing of emendation—literary or otherwise. In every case the text "is given as it was sent in, presumably as it was sung. . . ." That one is grateful to the editor's refraining hand goes without saying.

In the present volume we find fifty-one British ballads, nearly all of them represented by numerous versions or "variants." For example, there are nineteen versions of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight," five of "The Cruel Mother," eleven of "The Twa Sisters," four of "Earl Brand," and fifteen of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Many of the texts, so far as length and content go, will bear comparison with the Child versions. Some of them, to be sure, are fragmentary, but such generous representation of these old pieces gives our volume an impressive bulk that will insure for it a conspicuous place on any shelf of ballad books.

Needless to say, a popular ballad is not a ballad without its air or melody. In his anthology Dr. Davis is fortunate in being able to give the airs for all but seven of the fifty-one songs included. That these tunes are not printed along with the ballad texts but are entered toward the end of the volume may be a matter of regret to those who feel that even scholarly arrangement and book format should have more regard for the dependency of the ballad on its tune. But the several illustrations in the volume may be taken, along with the tunes, to show how far a book may go toward reproducing the ballad background or milieu, detached from which folk-song loses much of its charm and meaning.

Among the illustrations are "Glimpses along Ballad Trails in Virginia" and "Homes of the Ballad Singers in the Mountains of Virginia." A portrait of C. Alphonso Smith, Founder of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, and the inscription of the work to his memory are an appropriate tribute of one ballad scholar to another.

In the fore part of his introduction—an introduction some sixty pages in length—Dr. Davis discusses such matters as the definition of the ballad, the opposing theories of ballad authorship or composition, and the ballad as it is found in America. His clarification of Gummere's views on the origin of folk-song and his attempt to show that in their theories concerning ballad authorship scholars are "not far apart on essential points," reveal Dr. Davis as one who would find a middle ground. He says, however, that he has avoided the controversial and has refrained from "elaborating his own personal views."

Under the general heading "The Virginia Volume" the greater part of the introduction is given over to an interesting and valuable discussion of the contents and "method" of the book. Among other things, it points out that the "Virginia volume is somewhat more specialized than other recent American ballad and folk-song publications" in that it is "rich enough in these genuine [ballad] antiques to devote a whole volume to the older type of traditional ballad." Such a collection of genuine antiques will be received as a highly important addition to the growing list of ballad anthologies. And one can say, without reservation, that Dr. Davis, as scholar and anthologist, has done justice to the rich folk-song materials at his command. Several important appendices round his volume out as a work of scholarly achievement.

WHIRLIGIGS OF TIME AND TASTE

By James Southall Wilson

Still am I besy bokes assemblynge,
For to have plenty it is a pleasant thynge
For my conceyt and to have them any in honde;
But what they mene do I not understonde.
The Shyp of Folys—*Alexander Barclay.*

IF I were trying to arrive at a clear standard of judgment of poetry, a philosophy of taste so to speak, I do not know which I should find more confusing, the books about poetry or the poems of the modern poets. Take half a dozen or more of the recent discussions of poetry and there arises a Babel of confused voices when taste is matched with taste. Here the voices from a piled half dozen of books speak. Of Byron, Mr. Garrod says that it would not

The Profession of Poetry and Other Lectures. By H. W. Garrod. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.50. *Form and Style in Poetry.* By W. P. Ker. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00. *The Cycle of Modern Poetry.* By G. R. Elliott. Princeton: Princeton Press. $2.50. *The Lamp and the Lute.* By Bonamy Dobrée. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00. *The Craft of Poetry.* By Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00. *Practical Criticism.* By I. A. Richards. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.00. *Lyrical Poetry of the Nineteenth Century.* By H. J. C. Grierson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25. *Notes on English Verse Satire.* By Humbert Wolfe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25. *The Whirligig of Taste.* By E. E. Kellett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25. *The Fate of the Jury.* By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50. *Poems* (complete in one volume). By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00. *South and East.* By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00. *Collected Poems.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00. *Collected Poems.* By D. H. Lawrence. 2 vols. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $5.00. *Dear Judas.* By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50. *New Legends.* By Hervey Allen. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.00. *Black Christ.* By Contee Cullen. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00. *Greek Gestures.* By William Griffith. New York: The John Day Company. $2.00. *A Riband on My Reins.* By Nancy Byrd Turner. Hartford: E. V. Mitchell. $2.00. *Golden Falcon.* By R. P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50. *Every Soul Is a Circus.* By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75. *The Litany of Washington Street.* By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00. *Collected Poems.* By Gerald Gould. New York: Payson and Clarke. $3.00. *Blue Juniata.* By Malcolm Cowley. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00. *Ballyhoo for a Mendicant.* By Colton Talbott. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.00. *The Noise That Time Makes.* By Merrill Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace and

surprise him if posterity "held to 'Don Juan' and let the rest go"; Professor Grierson thinks that Byron's feeling never quite wins through to the magic and music of perfect expression; and Mr. Ker wrote, "It is difficult to defend Byron." Mr. Elliott wonders for his part, "Why is so great a poet so greatly in the shade?" Grierson finds Wordsworth to have achieved "the form as well as the spirit of the great ode as we think of that in connection with Pindar and Milton"; and Elliott, discussing "Milton and the Present State of Poetry," exclaims, "We must appeal from Wordsworth to Milton." In discussing M. Bremond's theory of "pure poetry" which the Frenchman begins with Edgar Allan Poe, Mr. Garrod feels "obliged here to say that I think that French criticism will begin again to be what it should be when it finds out that in the history of aesthetic theory Poe has no place." Grierson, speaking of the poets with whom "colour, imagery, and music are the poet's chief interest," declares, "The poet who first . . . set himself to push this tendency a little further and subordinate statement to suggestion, colour and music, especially the last, was the American poet of the thirties and forties, Edgar Allan Poe . . . 'the artful, subtle, irresistible song of Poe, the new music which none that has heard it can forget,' to quote Henley." Such disagreement among the critics might easily bring one to accept Mr. Kellett's conclusion in "The Whirligig of Taste," wherein he traces with disarming urbanity and charm the varying verdict of the generations to-

Company. $2.00. *Poems by Q.* New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50. *Song and Laughter.* By Arthur Guiterman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00. *Indian Earth.* By Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00. *Jade Mountain.* By Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. *Animal Lover's Knapsack.* Edited by Edwin Osgood Grover. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50. *The Book of Sonnet Sequences.* Edited by Houston Peterson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50. *Twentieth Century Poetry.* Edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benèt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00. *Chief Modern Poets of England and America.* Edited by Gerald DeWitt Sanders and John Herbert Nelson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00. *Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1929.* New York: Sully and Company. $4.00.

ward English authors, especially poets, and decides, "There is no sure and tangible criterion of beauty; nothing to which we can cling and say: 'This at least is good and that at any rate is bad.'" I prefer to believe that there is a variable point on the hither and yon sides of which we may be reasonably satisfied to find the good and the bad. "Taste is still conditioned by the palate; and a safe diet makes a clean palate." That is Mr. Garrod's aphorism and I think it a wise one. The sun is no less the blessed sun though a sand-blind critic or a whimsical Petruchio should bid us call it the moon. Mr. Robert Frost once said that two of the great experiences of his life were the first readings at an interval of years of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" and Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners." A man recently said the same to me with regard to "John Brown's Body" and "Tristram." I should know which for me has approved himself of a "clean palate."

Mr. Clement Wood in "The Craft of Poetry" has his word for the critics: "They are not poets, or even adequate versifiers, in the living tradition of poetry; they are academic parasites, a breed of lingual maggots crawling over the poetry, largely the dead poetry, of the past, seeking dumbly to understand its sealed mysteries and reporting dogmatically their erroneous interpretations of the heart's language, dead to them, yet often living to living poetic hearts." His book is a useful handbook for the young student of the forms of poetry, marred to my reading by the author's effort to make the book a "live" one.

"Practical Criticism," by I. A. Richards, is an amusing effort through a study by laboratory method with thirteen poems "to provide a new technique for those who wish to discover for themselves what they think and feel about poetry . . . and why they should like or dislike it." It provides in a big book material and a method more absorbing than cross word puzzles but this elaborate method used for testing poetic taste leaves me cold.

I have not read for a long time a more delightful book of critical discussions than H. W. Garrod's "The Profession of Poetry and Other Lectures." His topics run from Milton and Massenger to A. E. Housman and Humbert Wolfe, from "Poets and Philosophers" to "How to Know a Good Book from a Bad," and his "clean palate" is as well avouched as his sound learning and sane wisdom. He is an entertaining writer but leaves no consciousness of a nervous effort to be so. His philosophy of poetry is a simple one: "Poetry is a particular manner of expressing life"; and "A man does what he is; and what he does is the man." As professor of poetry in the University of Oxford he has lectured on his contemporaries, but believes that the moderns can be judged only by the critic who knows the literature of the past. "We must be wise as Time is, which always works forwards, never backwards." "Form and Style in Poetry" is a posthumous book by Mr. Garrod's predecessor in the Oxford professorship of poetry, W. P. Ker. The first section treats of the ballad; "the Clark lectures" are devoted the first three to Chaucer and the Scottish Chaucerians and the other four to forms of English poetry, including a discussion of the changes of fashion in literature; the twenty-four London lectures, "Form and Style," constitute a wide-ranging discussion of poetry. It is stimulating and enlightening.

Professor G. R. Elliott in "The Cycle of Modern Poetry" has collected a group of essays on such different themes as Byron, Keats, Hardy, Longfellow, and Frost, but a definite critical philosophy and a pliant prose style give his book unity. It has distinction, for Mr. Elliott thinks his own thoughts and thinks them through. He is courageous enough to defend Byron, and in "Gentle Shades of Longfellow" he makes the best case for that poet that I know. Its philosophy is suggested in this sentence: "Every poet knows that when he succeeds in working well he ceases to be an individual; he loses his life to save it." The subjects

of Bonamy Dobrée's "The Lamp and Lute" are Ibsen, Hardy, Kipling, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, and T. S. Eliot. Dobrée's incisive mind cuts to the heart of things. In his "Restoration Comedy," he cleared up as no critic had done before some of the misconceptions about Wycherley and his contemporaries. Mr. Eliot should thank him now for what appears a lucid journey through "The Waste Land."

Of three books in the "Hogarth Lectures" series, Professor H. J. C. Grierson's "Lyrical Poetry of the Nineteenth Century" is the wisest, Humbert Wolfe's "Notes on English Verse Satire" is the wittiest, and E. E. Kellett's "The Whirligig of Taste" is the wariest. In a hundred and fifty pages, Grierson comes from Xanadu to the Waste Land; for he is not so cautious as Mr. Kellett who follows his Whirligig of Taste on in the land of "those who are safely dead" because he remembers too well their ferocity to "tempt the moderns." I know no other book on modern poetry where so much of sound judgment and taste is evidenced in so small compass. Humbert Wolfe, himself poet and satirist, has written a delicious book. "Very pretty, Mr. Pope," he says, "but you must not call it poetry." His distinctions are clear as to what is good satire and what is poetry. Mr. Kellett has given me my theme and I am grateful; but the charm of his book was that I so rarely agreed with his ideas. He is surely right, though, when he agrees with Mr. Garrod and Mr. Elliott in rooting the present firmly in the past. Though he blames the critic who deals in "triumphant certainties," he affirms himself that "to attempt a revolution may, at times, be necessary; but the revolutionary doctrine must itself have its roots in the past, or it will assuredly fail." That, however, is history not aesthetics, and Mr. Kellett's consistency remains a firm staff for his whirligig.

II

The year is not a great one in the annals of poetry. The

old voices sometimes say over what they have said better and the new ones often leave me feeling that the fine rolling ground swell of poetry fifteen years ago is spending itself in ripples and foam. Mr. Elliott writes, "A Shelley (or even a Keats) aged fifty and producing a kind of poetry comparable in value with the glamorous verse of his youth is unthinkable." The poets of the earlier years of the century have reached fifty. Those whose work is intellectual rather than "glamorous" continue, perhaps with a ripened wisdom, the work of their earlier years. Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Cavender's House" is a clairvoyant psychograph. Edgar Lee Master's "The Fate of the Jury," if it has none of the sharpness of insight and irony that made the "Spoon River Anthology" approach greatness, is about as successful as earlier long narratives by its author. The women among the lyricists suffer less from the years, but then most of them have fewer years to suffer from; and then again, they are never past fifty. But of some living poets a reviewer breathes—to himself, if he is gentle—the exclamation G. R. Elliott uses of Byron, "This author was not so beloved of the gods that he needed to die young."

It is a period of collected editions and anthologies that gather like autumn baskets the fruit of the passing seasons. Masefield and Robinson have both been "collected" before but their new "Collected Poems" easily take the places of importance in the season's poetry. John Masefield stands here to his full stature. The new volume includes all of his fine work in verse, even the new "Midsummer Night." His "South and East," a lovely fantastic narrative, has been issued separately, illustrated in color by Jacynth Parsons; but it has its place in the collected "Poems." More and more, I believe, Masefield will traditionally come to be the representative English poet of his era. In his hands narrative verse, both realistic and romantic, has glowed with livelier color and awakened a deeper human interest by its Chaucerian vividness. And what has contemporary

poetry that surpasses in pure lyric loveliness some of his poems of quiet contemplative beauty, or his sonnets?

The Edwin Arlington Robinson volume includes his full work even to "Tristram" and "Cavender House." I should say that until Robert Frost's work is included in one book there will be no collected volume except Poe or Whitman that can challenge this as the best single American volume by one poet. Here is an author who did not need to die young!

Two handsome volumes contain the "Collected Poems" of D. H. Lawrence. Here may be seen—I quote G. R. Elliott's book again—"Mr. D. H. Lawrence circling around seriously on the back of a super-sexed life-force." Sons of Whitman, D. H. Lawrence and Robinson Jeffers are surely, but one wonders what portents these sex-tortured men are for the future. The picture I see is not of a dark-bearded man riding a goat; it is a sad-faced poet crucified and writhing on a cross. For Lawrence is a rare and a powerful artist. Shrink as one may from his themes, one feels always his power. There is something splendid about the man's audacity. Dobrée quotes T. S. Eliot as differentiating between the intensity of the emotions and "the intensity of the artistic process, the pressure, so to speak, under which the fusion takes place,"—that is what counts. Lawrence has both and is at his best a great artist; but sometimes the pressure of the artistic process cannot fuse the too intense emotions and there is a running out, of the raw stuff, that is painful. Jeffers, by the way, in his "Dear Judas" carries on his own tradition. To some he will again represent a strange new brilliancy; to others part of his work will have the beauty of an exquisitely phrased poetic prose and some of it the ejaculatory violence of the contortions of a sex-maddened nightmare.

What impresses me as I look over the volumes of new verse is that so few voices lift themselves singing (or even shouting) in the memory when the book is closed. Several

of Hervey Allen's poems from "New Legends" are memorable. His character narratives and short poems that embody a mood or catch the spirit of a place are most successful. "Sarah Simon" is fresh and beautiful and significant. "Black Christ" from Contee Cullen's volume of that title is not a poem easily forgotten, and some of the epigrams from William Griffith's "Greek Gestures" bite into one's consciousness like old proverbs. His art packs wisdom and irony into their small compass, as when he makes "A Pupil of Plato" say:

> I seem never to go anywhere,
> In my mind,
> But that I meet Plato coming back.

Poems like "Return" and "Going up to London" from Nancy Byrd Turner's "A Riband on My Reins" chime differently even in an untenacious memory. It is altogether a delightful little book and if it becomes widely known is likely to please more people than many a more "important" volume. These poems have sentiment and are sometimes sentimental; which is to say they are not in the modern vein. They are charming verses by an adequate technician who is very human. There are poems in Robert P. Tristram Coffin's "Golden Falcon" that are memorable for color and the firm beauty of modeling.

"A Litany of Washington Street" is a sort of dithyramb in prose on the American spirit, and especially Virginia, by Vachel Lindsay. In his new volume, "Every Soul is a Circus," the poem that most reminds me of the power of Lindsay's earlier work is "The Virginians Are Coming Again," of which the author says it is a poetic summary of the "Litany." Mr. Lindsay remains one of the most vigorous and interesting personalities of American poetry, but I do not feel in the new poems the fire and color, the creative force by which his earlier work lives.

They are so different, these poets of the twentieth century, that I am sure the taste of no one reviewer is a match

for them all. Here are the cool, beautiful verses of the "Collected Poems" of Gerald Gould proving to me again what competent craftsmen the better English verse-writers are—yet leaving no clear impress of a distinct flavor of his own. "Blue Juniata" of Malcolm Cowley, "Ballyhoo for a Mendicant" of Colton Talbott, and "The Noise That Time Makes" by Merrill Moore are individual but the first two impress me as "too clever by much"; and the crisp intellectual phrases of Merrill Moore pique me into an admiration for qualities that I do not find chiefly poetical. "Poems by Q" is easier to describe. It is a collection of the verse written throughout a fairly long life by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. There is no poor work in it: the verse has grace and beauty. It is rarely memorable. Arthur Guiterman's "Song and Laughter" and Witter Bynner's "Indian Earth" are in the manner familiar to their readers. Guiterman's volume has some of his best work. He is skilful and clean-cut in his more serious work and certainly one of the deftest in his lighter moods. Bynner writes on Mexican themes in "Indian Earth," but in "Jade Mountain" he has in collaboration with Kiang Kang-Hu made a translation of Chinese poems that is more satisfying to me than any other I have read. They give me a haunting sense of beauty and human emotion.

New volumes that I have not seen, by poets the quality of whose work is well known, include Grace Hazard Conkling's "Witch and Other Poems," Joseph Auslander's "Letters to Women," Anna Hempstead Branch's "Sonnets from a Lock Box," Eunice Tietjens' "Leaves in Windy Weather," Conrad Aiken's "Selected Poems," and J. C. Squire's "Poems in One Volume." Percy McKaye's "Weather-goose Woo!" and Lizette Woodworth Reese's beautiful autobiographic essays, "A Victorian Village," ought for their poetic qualities—though not verse collections—to be mentioned in this survey.

The anthologies suggest again the multi-colored variety of contemporary verse when for example in the "Animal

Lover's Knapsack," Edwin Osgood Grover with cosmopolitan taste includes animal poems by Edgar A. Guest, Osbert Sitwell, and Robert Bridges. Houston Peterson's wisely chosen gathering of the best sonnet sequences, "The Book of Sonnet Sequences," runs from Sidney to Leonard. It gives emphasis to the contemporaries, including at least ten out of twenty-one sequences that belong to our own day.

Two books worthy of a place on the shelves of every lover of poetry are "Twentieth Century Poetry" edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benèt, and "Chief Modern Poets of England and America," by G. D. Sanders and J. H. Nelson. The first is the most wisely chosen anthology of English and American poetry of our day that I know. It leaves out some of the finest individual poems (perhaps because they are so familiar) and gives too few poems from some of the truest poets, but those chosen are not the hackneyed ones, so that it will constitute for most readers a new collection. The "Chief Modern Poets" is the sort of anthology that has long been needed. It includes a large enough group of poems to be representative of each of fifteen of the most distinguished English and eleven American poets. Were I making such an anthology I should make few changes in the list of poets included; my choice of the individual poems, naturally, would be quite different. It is an admirable book for courses studying contemporary poetry and it is a good book to restore the faith of the general reader who from too much reading of strange forms has come to distrust all modern poets; for this is a conservative book.

For a full view of the scope of American contemporary verse Braithwaite's "Anthology for 1929" must be read. William Stanley Braithwaite has been heroic in his task for American poetry. He is broadly inclusive, it must be admitted; but he never selects work below a recognizable standard. His new volume contains a surprizingly large quantity of distinctive and genuine poetry.

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Rabelais; I haven't seen *Nock's* version, but I can vouch for its shrewdness and humor from other of his books. Rabelais' great contemporary, Martin Luther—do you associate the two?—also has found a lucid biographer in *Lucian Febvre*. "Martin Luther: A Destiny" (Dutton. $3.75) is as much a biography of Luther's mind as it is of his life, and it offers furthermore a penetrating analysis of the Protestant spirit at its birth. In "Richelieu" (Lippincott. $5.00) *Hilaire Belloc* carries on the story of the war between Catholicism and Protestantism, and shows how the great Cardinal struggled between love for his church and love for France, to the ultimate detriment of the former. . . . Love for France certainly suggests the name of *Georges Clemenceau* and his "In the Evening of My Thought" (Houghton Mifflin. 2 vol. $12.50), wherein the Tiger reveals his philosophy of forescore and more years. His book leads off similar volumes by *Raymond Poincaré* and *David Lloyd George*, which will be published later.

Peter the Great of Russia and Mary Baker Eddy vie with Rabelais this year, with two biographies apiece. *Sibyl Wilbur's* "The Life of Mary Baker Eddy" (Christian Science Society. $3.00) has the approval of the Scientists; *Edwin F. Dakin's* "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind" (Scribners. $5.00) has not. Take your choice. Between *Georges Oudard's* "Peter the Great" (Payson & Clarke. $3.50) and *Stephen Graham's* "Peter the Great" (Simon & Schuster. $3.00) I can't choose, not having seen the latter. *Oudard* eminently succeeds in making Peter a monster and a genius, and in creating a fantastic Russia as a background. *Rom Landau* has done a service in giving us a life of the modernized Peter of Poland, in his "Pilsudski and Poland" (Dial Press. $5.00). It surprised me to learn that Poland is one of the largest states in Europe, and that Pilsudski is not a Ruritanian despot, but a man of international importance. Tolstoi stands forth another giant in *Alexander I. Nazaroff's* "Tolstoi: The Inconstant

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That brings me to fiction. . . . And *Edith Wharton* proves that the veterans in fiction still hold their place. Her "Hudson River Bracketed" (Appleton. $2.50) paints a broader canvas than her previous novels, with the Middle West and Bohemian New York thrown in beside her own *haute monde* in a beautifully written book. *James Branch Cabell's* "The Way of Ecben" (McBride. $2.50) continues on the way of Poictesme, with an amusing epilogue about Cabell the man and author. *Theodore Dreiser* also continues in his vein—i. e., 2-Vol.—in "A Gallery of Women" (Live-

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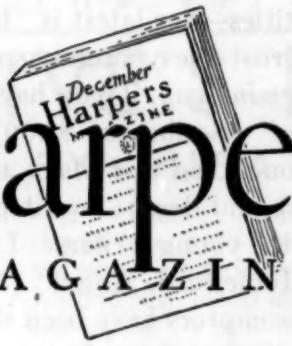

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right. $5.00), a collection of portraits displaying the weaker virtues and the stronger failings of woman. *Viña Delmar* is franker in her titles—her latest is "Kept Woman" (Harcourt. $2.50). Trust the younger generation. And don't forget *Ernest Hemingway,* if you haven't already read "A Farewell to Arms" (Scribners. $2.50). It isn't primarily a war story, although the war plays an indispensable part, but a story of love and death; and it places *Hemingway* in the front rank of the young writers. I haven't read *Thomas Wolfe's* "Look Homeward, Angel" (Scribners. $2.50) yet, but my literary prompters have been shouting its praises so loudly that I'll call it a masterpiece or anything else. By a Southerner, and laid in the South, too. The Southern list includes also *T. Boyer Campbell's* "Old Miss" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50), *R. Emmet Kennedy's* "Red Bean Row" (Dodd, Mead. $2.50), *Evans Wall's* "The No-Nation Girl" (Century. $2.50), and *William Faulkner's* "The Sound and the Fury" (Cape & Smith. $2.50)—all more or less new names, except the last, but worth watching. And, of course, *Starke Young's* "River House" (Scribner. $2.50), which I acclaimed sight unseen last fall, turns out to be about the best novel he has done so far. Incidentally, it's interesting to see, along with the revival of interest in the South, the return of the poor Indian to literature. Of course, he's no longer the Fenimore Cooper Indian, but his rather hard-pressed descendant of the reservations. Two capable novels, "Laughing Boy," by *Oliver La Farge* (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50), and "Joe Pete," by *Florence E. McClinchey* (Holt. $2.50), and *Flora Warren Seymour's* sympathetically written "The Story of the Red Man" (Longmans. $5.00) are outstanding contributions.

Translations still play their part. Books like *Jacob Wassermann's* "The Mauzurius Case" (Liveright. $2.50) and *Hermann Sudermann's* "The Wife of Steffen Tromholt" (Liveright. 2 Vol. $4.00) will find their way immediately to the groups which treasure them, and there are several new-

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comers of importance. *Francesco Perri's* "Enough of Dreams" (Brentano's. $2.50), which brings a prize from Italy, should also bring great joy to the reader. It is a beautiful and pathetic story of Italian peasant life, and the havoc created by the urge to emigrate to America. *Valentine Kataev's* "The Embezzlers" (Dial Press. $2.50) is a hilarious and exciting farce of the Soviet regime, and proves that the new Russia is lacking neither in humor nor the power of self-criticism. And the fecund *Emil Ludwig,* not content with his dramatization of the war-guilt question, in "July 1914" (Putnam. $3.50), has turned his mind from biography to fiction in writing "Diana" (Viking. 2 Vol. $5.00). I haven't seen it, but the heroine is supposed to be a new edition of Iris March.—*Michael Arlen* answers the challenge with a new book of his own: "Babes in the Wood" (Doubleday. $2.50). *Mariano Azuela's* "The Under Dogs" (Brentano's $2.50) is a translation that comes from nearer home; it is a thrilling and blood-curdling story of the Mexican revolution. And before I get off the subject of Mexico, let me give my recommendation to *Anita Brenner's* "Idols Behind Altars" (Payson & Clarke. $5.00). Whether or not you "have your own ideas" about Mexico, you should read it. *Miss Brenner* attempts to describe the "soul" of Mexico, particularly as revealed through its artistic renaissance; she traces the artistic impulse back to Aztec and Mayan origins, and sees the old gods with the unpronounceable names lurking behind the Christian altars of today.

Back to fiction. England furnishes good names—to those who like them—in such books as *Phyllis Bottome's* "Windlestraws" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50), *Rebecca West's* "Harriet Hume" (Doubleday. $2.50), *Maurice Baring's* "The Coat Without Seam" (Knopf. $2.50), *Sylvia Thompson's* "Chariot Wheels" (Little, Brown. $2.50), and *Elizabeth Bowen's* collection of short stories, "Joining Charles" (Dial. $2.00). *Graham Greene's* first novel, "The Man

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Within" (Doubleday. $2.50) should also go in any list of outstanding English fiction. *Algernon Blackwood* and *Norman Douglas* can always be counted on for something out of the way: this time *Blackwood's* "Dudley and Gilderoy" (Dutton. $2.50) is a fantasy, delightfully written, of the adventures of a cat and a parrot in London. *Douglas's* "Nerinda" (John Day. $2.50), his first attempt at fiction, originally printed anonymously early in the century, is an item for Douglas fans, than whom there are no more avid collectors. There is also his "Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology" (Cape & Smith. $3.00). And just as I write this comes the announcement of a new book by *H. M. Tomlinson* (Harper: no price announced) for January. It's probably not a novel, but it will find its collectors. Incidentally, "The Mercury Story Book" (Longmans. $2.50) of short stories from The London Mercury is about as good a collection and by as famous authors as you'll ever find in one volume. For contrast get the equally unusual "Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia," compiled by *John Cournos* (Dutton. $2.50).

The war is still with us in fiction, and promises to continue to be, with announcements of new war books still pouring in. However, such books as *Ford Madox Ford's* "No Enemy" (Macaulay. $2.50), *Henry Williamson's* "The Wet Flanders Plain" (Dutton. $2.50), *Richard Aldington's* "Death of a Hero" (Covici-Friede. $2.50), and *Robert Graves's* "Goodbye to All That" (Cape & Smith. $3.00: announced for January) mark a new trend in that their authors are not only ex-soldiers, but men of literary reputations to boot. *Ford's* book, which is autobiography in a fictionalized form, is particularly interesting to me because it constitutes a gloss on his great Tietjens saga. "The Wet Flanders Plain" is different in that it is the journal of a trip to the battlefields ten years after the war, with reflections on the past and the present. Of the two American war novels which shared the $25,000 Houghton Mifflin

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prize, *William T. Scanlon's* "God Have Mercy on Us!" ($2.50) and *Mary Lee's* "It's a Great War" ($3.00), the latter is interesting as presenting the war as it appeared to a civilian worker—a woman—behind the lines. It has a broader perspective than the war books about life at the front could have, but it suffers somewhat from the ease with which its author is shocked by the behaviour of men in war time. As far as being an indictment of war and a stimulus to peace, there isn't a novel which compares with "German Students' War Letters," edited by *Philip Wittsop* (Dutton. $3.00): here are collected the letters of over a hundred Germans who went from college to the front, many of whom were under twenty and all of whom were killed in action.

. . .

In the world of books Russia seems to be gradually emerging from a position of obscurity and prejudiced reports. In "The Soviet Union Looks Ahead" (Liveright. $2.50) those who have a head for figures can praise or criticize the gigantic plan for industrial development that Russia has undertaken. Those who resemble Quince can merely gasp at figures that reach beyond the imagination. *Maurice Hindus's* "Humanity Uprooted" (Cape & Smith. $3.00) deals lucidly with the social and human aspects of Russia — as seen by a man who knows Russia thoroughly. *Andrée Viollis,* in "A Girl in Soviet Russia" (Crowell. $2.50) gave me a satisfying demonstration of Gallic objectivity in reporting her travels in the land of the Soviets. Meanwhile we in America are kept pretty busy hearing of the shortcomings of our own type of existence. *James Truslow Adams's* "Our Business Civilization" (A. & C. Boni. $3.00) and *Ralph Borsodi's* "This Ugly Civilization" (Simon & Schuster. $3.00) are both cases in point. *Borsodi's* book is unusual in that it is not just talk, but the result of an attempt, over some years, at fighting the factory by organizing his home for the production of necessities. His book gives the glimmer of a hope that women may some day find enough

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to do in the producing home to turn their minds away from writing novels. You see, I haven't yet read *Virginia Woolf's* defense of women, "A Room of One's Own" (Harcourt. $2.00); but if all women writers were as good as she is, I wouldn't have written the above. Perhaps the most exciting book about America that I have read recently is *Hiram Motherwell's* "The Imperial Dollar" (Brentano's. $3.50)—the story of America's economic progress from isolation to imperialism. For the first time in my life I feel as though economics and international relations may not be *terra incognita* forever for me. Of course, it's a "popular" book, and it is fascinating reading. For those who prefer the insignia of great learning such admitted authorities as *Leslie Buell's* revised "International Relations" (Holt. $5.00), *Arnold J. Toynbee's* "Survey of International Affairs 1927" (Oxford. $8.50), or "American Foreign Relations, 1929," (Yale Press. $5.00) prepared by *Charles P. Howland,* provide a good diet. The last two books, of course, are the latest of two series that follow events year by year.

Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals" (Liveright. $3.00) deals with a theme on which *Russell's* opinions are well known, but it is stimulating to see how logical he makes them appear in his book. *Havelock Ellis's* thoroughly revised "Man and Woman" (Houghton Mifflin. $5.00) and *Edward Westermarck's* "Marriage" (Cape & Smith. $1.50) are certainly books to go with *Russell's.* If that seems too heavy a dose you might try along with them "Is Sex Necessary?" by *James Thurber* and *E. B. White* (Harper. $2.00). Its sub-title tells you what it is: "An Uproarious Treatment of a Vital Topic." And there are other vital topics: the ever-more-serious *Aldous Huxley,* in his latest book of essays, "Do What You Will" (Doubleday. $2.50) finds quite a number of them, in spite of the flippancy of his title. Books like *Thomas Mann's* "Three Essays" (Knopf. $3.00) and *Benedetto Croce's* "History of

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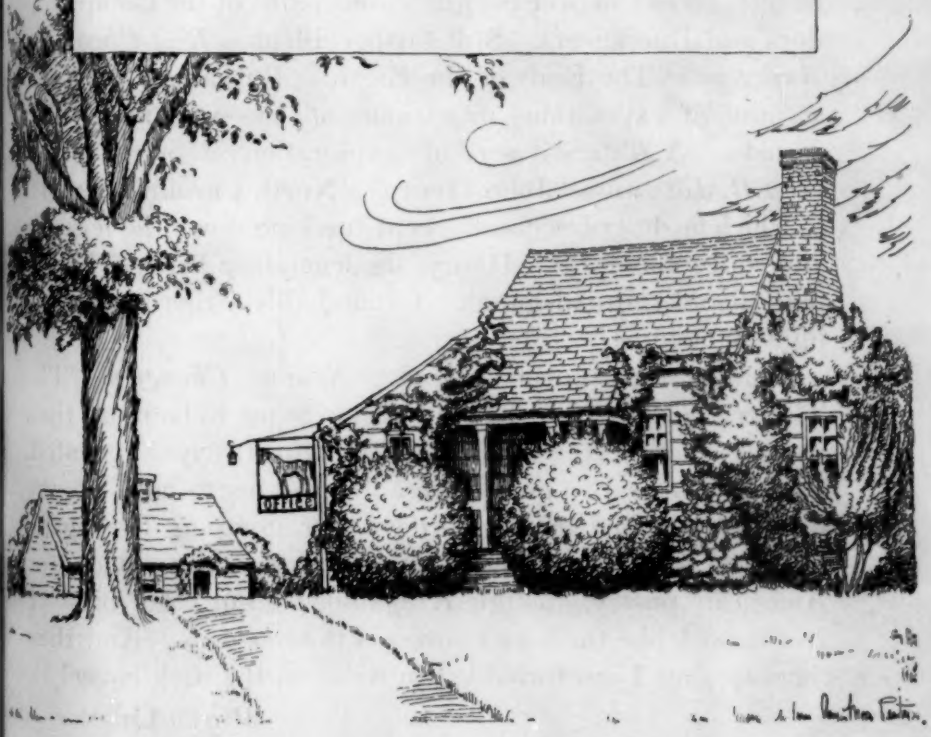

Italy, 1870-1915" (Oxford. $5.00) demand attention from all those who want to know what the winner of the Nobel Prize and Italy's foremost thinker have to say. *Count Keyserling,* too, in his usual two volumes, has much of wisdom to dispense in "America Set Free" (Harper. $5.00); here he applies the intuitive method which made him famous to the *mores* of our own country.

Two books of quite definite appeal to Southerners, especially at Christmas time, are *Lyle Saxon's* "Old Louisiana" (Century. $5.00) and *Paul Wilstach's* "Tidewater Virginia" (Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00). Both are well illustrated and redolent of the charms of their locales. *Agnes Rothery,* whose "New Roads in Old Virginia" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50) is another book of similar appeal, has now turned her attention to the even farther South: her latest book, "Central America and the Spanish Main" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50), takes you over the glamorous paths of the Conquistadors and Buccaneers. Still farther afield is *Roy Chapman Andrews's* "The Ends of the Earth" (Putnam. $4.00), his account of expeditions to various of the world's hidden corners. A different sort of exploration is narrated in *Guy B. Johnson's* "John Henry" (North Carolina. $2.00), in which he describes his efforts at tracking down the legends and songs about John Henry, the legendary hero of Negro miners and railroad gangs. I found this a thoroughly delightful volume.

Among the "outline" books, *Seldon Cheney's* "The Theatre" (Longmans. $10.00) seems to me to be more than usually good. It is clearly written, profusely illustrated, and—as far as I've gone—the author seems to have no axe to grind. *Alfred Kreymborg's* "Our Singing Strength" (Coward McCann. $5.00) performs a similar service for American poetry, though *Kreymborg* admits his bias (I feel it, so I like the book) towards the moderns. And then there is—but I am forbidden to write on the back cover!

—PETER QUINCE

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